CLARENCE:

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

"Return, return, and in thy heart engraven keep my lore,
The lesser wealth, the lighter load:—small blame betides the poor."

Bishop Heber.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1830.

DEDICATION.

TO MY BROTHERS,

MY BEST FRIENDS,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED

AS A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION,

BY THEIR AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

We had intended to affix a precise date to the following narrative, when we seasonably recollected the prudent counsel of my Uncle Toby! "Leave out the date entirely, Trim," quoth my Uncle Toby—"leave it out entirely, Trim: a story passes very well without these niceties, unless one is pretty sure of 'em!" "Sure of 'em!" said the corporal, shaking his head.

The reader will be pleased to suppose the events of our story to have occurred at any period within the present century, and will have the indulgence to pardon sundry anachronisms, particularly the liberty the author has taken in anticipating the masquerade of 1829.



CLARENCE;

OR,

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

" Dis-moi un peu, ne trouves-tu pas, comme moi, quelque chose du ciel, quelque effet du destin, dans l'aventure inopinée de notre connaissance ?"—MOLIÈRE.

IT was one of the brightest and most beautiful days of February. Winter had graciously yielded to the melting influence of the soft breezes from the Indian's paradise—the sweet southwest. The atmosphere was a pure transparency, a perfect ether; and *Broadway*, the thronged thoroughfare through which the full tide of human exis-

tence pours, the pride of the metropolis of our western world, presented its gayest and most brilliant aspect.

Nature does not often embellish a city; but here, she has her ensigns, her glorious waving pennons in the trees that decorate the park, and the entrance to the hospital, and mantle with filial reverence around St. Paul's and Trinity churches. A sudden change from intense cold to rain, and then again to frost, changes and successions not uncommon in our inconstant climate, had encircled the trees, their branches, and even the slightest twigs that bent and crackled under the little snowbird, with a brilliant incrustation of ice, and hung them with countless crystals—nature's jewels:—how poor in the comparison a monarch's regalia!

The chaste drapery of summer is most beautiful; but there was something in all this gorgeousness, this ostentatious brilliancy, that harmonized well with the art and glare of the city. It seemed that nature, for once, touched with the frailty of her sex, and determined to outshine them all,

had dónned her jewelled robe, and come forth in all her queenly decorations in the very temple of art and fashion; for this is the temple of these divinities, and on certain hours of every auspicious day is àbandoned to the rites of their worshippers.

But the day has its successive scenes, as life its seven ages. The morning opens with servants sweeping the pavements—the pale seamstress hastening to her daily toil —the tormented dyspeptic sallying forth to his joyless morning ride—the cry of the brisk milkman — the jolly baker and the sonorous sweep—the shop-boy fantastically arranging the tempting show, that is to present to the second sight of many a belle her own sweet person, arrayed in Flandin's garnitures, Marquand's jewels, Goguet's flowers, and *(oh tempora! oh mores!)* Manuel's 'ornamental hair work of every description.'

. Then comes the business hour—the merchant, full of projects, hopes, and fears, hastening to his counting-house—the clerk to his desk—the lawyer to the courts—the

children to their schools, and country ladies to their shopping.

Then come forth the gay and idle, and Broadway presents a scene as bustling, as varied, and as brilliant, as an oriental fair. There are graceful belles, arrayed in the light costume of Paris, playing off their coquetries on their attendant beaux—accurately-apparelled Quakers—a knot of dandies, walking pattern-cards, faithful living personifications of their prototypes in the tailor's window—dignified, self-complacent matrons—idle starers at beauties, and beauties willing to be stared at—blanketted Indian chiefs from the Winnebagoes, Choctaws, and Cherokees, walking straight forward, as if they were following an enemy's trail in their own forests—girls and boys escaped from school thraldom—young students with their backs turned on college and professors — merry children, clustering round a toy-shop—servants loaded with luxuries for the evening party—jostling milliners' girls with band boxes—a bare-headed Greek boy with a troop of shouting urchins at his heels

—a party of jocund sailors from the 'farthest Ind'—a family groupe of Alsace peasants —and, not the least jolly or enviable of all this multifarious multitude, the company of Irish Orangemen stationed before St. Paul's, their attention divided between the passers-by, their possible customers, and the national jibes and jokes of their associates.

It was on such a day as we have described, and through such a throng, that one lonely being was threading his way, who felt the desolateness of that deepest of all solitudes—the solitude of a crowd—the loneliness of the tomb amidst abounding life. He was a stranger. No one of all that multitude, high or humble, saluted him; no familiar eye rested on him. He was not old, but the frosts of age were on his head, and his cheek was indented with furrows of 'long thought, and dried-up tears.' There was not one of all the gay and reckless, confident in happiness, and secure in prosperity, that could sympathize with the sullen, disappointed, and wretched aspect of the stranger; but the

beggar as he passed him forgot his studied attitude and mock misery, and the mourner in her elaborate weeds threw a compassionate glance at him. The stranger neither asked nor looked for compassion. Though his dress indicated poverty, there was that in his demeanour that would have repressed inquiry, and seemed to disdain charity. Something like a scornful smile played on his features,—a smile of derision, of hostility with a species that could be thus occupied and amused; such a smile as a show of monkeys might extort.

A knot of ladies stopped his way for a moment. "Were you at Mrs. Layton's last night?" asked one of the fair ones. "Indeed was I—something quite out of the common way, I assure you. Nothing but Italian sung—nothing but waltzes danced."—"Do you know poor Mrs. Bruce is just gone?" —"Poor thing! is she?—Where did you get your Marabouts?"—Is not that hat ravishing?"—"Do you know Roscoe's furniture is to be sold to-morrow?"—"Julia, look, what a sweet trimming!"—"My! let that old man pass."—For an instant the

gaze of the pretty chatterers was fixed on the ashen countenance of the stranger, and there was something in the expression of his large sunken eye, as its sarcastic glance met theirs, that arrested their attention and steps. But they passed on, and their thoughts reverted to trimmings, parties, and Marabouts!

The stranger pursued his way slowly and pensively as far as Trinity-church, and then, crossing Broadway, turned into Wall-street, where he eyed the bustling multitude of merchants, merchants' clerks, brokers, and all the servants, ministers, and followers of fortune, with even a more bitter mental satire than the butterfly world of Broadway. As he reached the corner of William-street, his attention was attracted by a beautiful boy who stood at a fruit-stall stationed there, trafficking with an ill-favored old woman for a couple of oranges. The love of childhood is a tie to our species that even misanthropy cannot dissolve. Perhaps it was this bond of nature that strained over the stranger's heart; or there might have been

something in the aspect of the boy that touched a spring of memory: a faint colour tinged his livid cheek, and the veins in his bony forehead swelled. The boy, unconscious of this observation of him, completed his bargain, and bounded away; and the stranger, perceiving that he in turn had become the object of notice to some loiterers about the stall, purchased an apple and passed on. In taking a penny from his pocket, he dropped his handkerchief. The old woman saw it, and, unobserved, contrived by a skilful sweep of her cloak to sequester it, and at a convenient opportunity transferred it to her pocket, saying to herself as she did so, "It is as fine as a spider's web; a pretty article for the like of him truly; it's reasonable that my right to it is as good as his," and, with this comment entered on the records of conscience, she very quietly appropriated it.

In the mean time the stranger pursued his way down William-street, and the little boy, who, for some reason had retraced his steps, was running in the same direction,

tossing up his oranges, and amusing himself with the effort to keep both in the air at the same moment.

Intent on his sport, he heedlessly ran against the stranger, dropped his oranges, knocked the man's cane from his hand, and nearly occasioned his falling. Something very like a curse rose to his lips. The boy picked up the cane and gently replaced it, saying at the same time, with such unaffected earnestness, " I am *very* sorry, sir," that, softened by his manner, and perceiving it was the same child who had before attracted his attention, he replied, " Never mind, boy; pick up your oranges." He did so, and looking again at the stranger, who to his unpractised eye seemed old and poor, he said modestly, " Will you take one, sir?"

" No, no, boy."

" Do take one."

" No, thank ye, child."

" I had much rather you would than not; I don't really want but one myself."

" No, no; God bless ye."

By this time they had reached an old Dutch domicile, with a gable end to the

street,—one of the few monuments that remain of the original settlers of our good city.

The steps, or (to use the vernacular word) the *stoop*, had just been nicely scoured: the boy, perceiving the stranger breathed painfully, and moved with difficulty, sprang forward to open the door. The sound of the lifted latch brought out an old woman, who appeared by the shrill tones of authority and wrath that issued from her lips at the sight of the boy's muddy footsteps on the clean boards, to be the "executive" of the establishment.

She stood with a scrubbing brush in her uplifted hand, and the boy started back, as if he expected farther and more painful demonstrations of her anger. "Stay, stay, my child," said the stranger, "and sit down on that bench," and then, turning to the old woman, "Hold your foul tongue," he said, "and let the lad alone."

"Leave him be! It's my own house and my own tongue, and neither you nor any other man can master it."

"God knows that's true," replied the

stranger, and, without wasting any farther efforts on the confessedly impossible, he very unceremoniously extended his cane, and poked the woman's garments within the door, so as to enable him to shut it in her face, which he effected without delay. Perhaps the boy laughed from instinctive sympathy with the power of the superior sex; he certainly laughed most heartily at its timely demonstration, and shouted again and again, "Cracky! cracky!" an exclamation that the young urchins of our city often send up, equivalent to "a palpable hit, my Lord!"

The saturnine features of the stranger relaxed, and from that moment there was a tacit compact between him and his young friend, who seemed the only link that connected him with his kind. He received even his pity with complacency, for he felt that the pity of a child was tolerable, because 'without any mixture of blame or counsel.'

The boy's father, Mr. Carroll, was clerk in an insurance office opposite the stranger's lodgings. Frank came daily to his

father's office, and, as he passed and repassed the stranger's door, he stopped with some good-humoured greeting, or to share with him his fruit, cakes, or candy. His bonbons were received with manifest pleasure, but never eaten, at least in Frank's presence; and when he inquired the reason of this extraordinary abstemiousness, his friend would answer, "I keep them to console me, Frank, when you are away."

Mr. Carroll's desk was stationed at his office-window, and his eye often involuntarily glanced from his books to his boy, whose benevolent friendship for the forlorn stranger he secretly watched, and promoted it, by permitting him to loiter in his society, and by daily largesses of pennies.

What draught is so delicious to a parent as a child's virtue? What spectacle so beautiful to man as the aspect of childhood? childhood flushed with health and happiness; its buoyant step, its loud laugh, and joyous shout; its little bark still riding in its secure and guarded haven; its interminable perspective of an ever-brightening

future? And infancy—who has not looked with prophetic eye on the fair face of infancy, the dawn of never-ending existence, and seen in vision the temptations, the struggles, the griefs, the joys, that awaited the unconscious little being? Who has not contemplated the placid minute frame, enveloping such capacities for suffering, and has not longed to withhold it from its fearful voyage? Peaceful infancy! must those senses that now convey to thee but the intimations of thy new existence, become the avenues of all good and evil? Must these pulses which now beat so softly, harmoniously, throb with passion? Must this clear eye be dimmed with tears? this soft cheek, this smooth brow be furrowed with care and sorrow? Even so; for the destiny of humanity is thine, with its joys and its triumphs. Enfolded in this minute frame are the capacities of an angel. Go forth, then, labor, struggle,—and knowledge shall fill thy mind with light of thine own—endure, and resist—and from the fires of temptation shall rise and soar to heaven the only phœnix—virtue.

CHAPTER II.

" Vous avez de l'argent caché."—L'AVARE.

THE stranger with whom Frank Carroll had contracted so intimate an acquaintance was known to his hostess, and to Frank, (and with them only did he appear to have any communication,) by the name of Flavel. Frank was satisfied with finding that he was always glad to see him, interested in his little wants, attentive to his prattle, and reluctant to part with him; and his Dutch hostess, being regularly paid the pittance of his board, felt no farther curiosity in his conduct or history.

This remarkable exemption of Dame Quackenboss from one of the ruling passions of her sex, was more strikingly illustrated towards another lodger, who had, for

ten successive years, rented her miserable garret. All she knew of this man was, that his name was Smith, that he was employed in copying papers for lawyers, that he thus earned his subsistence, that he practised the most rigid economy (as she suspected) and accumulated money. Economy was a cardinal virtue in the eye of Mistress Quackenboss—*the* virtue, *par excellence*,—and she reverenced Smith as its personification. Every one has a beau-ideal, and Smith was hers. To him alone was she ever known to defer her own convenience. He was allowed, whenever he wished it, a quiet place in her chimney-corner, where he was wont to warm his benumbed fingers and toes, while he heated on her coals the contents of a tin cup, that served him for tea-kettle, shaving-cup, gruel-pot, and, in short, was his only culinary utensil.

The indulgence of a fire in his own apartment was limited to those periods of intense cold when it was essential to the preservation of life; and then it was supported by the faggots and coal-cinders, which in the

evening he picked up in the streets. His apparel was in accordance with this severe frugality. For ten years he had worn the same coat, hat, neckcloth and waistcoat, and he still preserved their whole and decent appearance, from his "prudent way," as his landlady called it, of dispensing with their use altogether when he was in-doors, and substituting in their stead, in summer, a cotton, and in winter, a well patched red baize gown. Our inventory of his wardrobe extends no farther. He did his own washing within the walls of his little attic; and they told no tales. That they could have betrayed secrets was evident from the extreme caution with which he always locked the door of his apartment, whether he was in or out of it. This was the occasion of a semi-annual altercation with his landlady, who very reluctantly conceded to him his right to an exemption from her house-cleaning. With this exception, he was the subject of her unvarying respect and commendation. "A saving and a thrifty body was John Smit," she was wont to say; "and if there were more like

him in our city we should not have to pay for an alms-house and a bridewell, beside having the Dominies preaching the money out of our pockets for an Orphan-Asylum."

She magnified his virtue by contrasting him with Mr. Flavel. "No wonder," she said, "that *he* had come to the fag-end of his money. Every day he left sugar enough in his cup, and victuals on his plate, to serve John Smit a week. And such loads of clothes as he put out to wash—a clean holland shirt every day—it was enough to make a body's heart ache! and clean linen on his bed *twice* a week. True, he paid for it—but she could not abide the waste: how long would his money last at that rate?" Thus she passed in review the common habits of a gentleman, in which Mr. Flavel indulged, though in the main he seemed to observe a strict frugality. She usually concluded her criticisms with a bitter vituperation of Mr. Flavel's and Frank's friendship. "What business had he to bring that rampaging boy there, slamming the door, and tracking the entry; in all the ten years

John Smit had lived in the house, he had never had one track after him." She kept up a sort of thinking aloud, an incessant muttering, like the low growl of a mastiff in his dreams, and this last remark was repeated for the hundredth time, as she passed by Mr. Flavel's door on her way to Smith's room, and with a harsher emphasis than usual, from her seeing some dark traces of poor Frank's footsteps, and hearing his voice in a merry key in Mr. Flavel's apartment.

Smith had appeared to be declining in health for some months;—for several weeks he had rarely left the house, and for the last week Dame Quackenboss had not once seen him. She remembered the last time he came to her kitchen was late in the evening—that he was then trembling excessively,—obliged to sit down for some minutes,—and that when she had lighted his lamp for him, he supplicated her, in the quivering voice of a sick or frightened child, to carry it for him as far as his chamber door. She had imputed his agitation to physical exhaustion, and, all unused as she was to such manifestations of pity, she had, on the following

morning, deposited some soup and herb tea at his door, with the proper intimations of her charity. Smith's emotion was, in truth, owing to a cause known only to himself, and far different from that naturally assigned by Mrs. Quackenboss.

He had come in that night as usual with his little bundle of sticks and shavings, and was groping his way up stairs with his cat-like inaudible tread, when Mr. Flavel, with a lighted lamp in his hand, wrapped in his white dressing-gown, and looking more ghastly than usual, passed from his room across the entry to the parlor, and, after remaining there for a moment, returned, without perceiving Smith, who remained rivetted to the spot where Mr. Flavel had first struck his sight. To Smith's excited imagination, he appeared a spirit from the dead, and a spirit invested with a form and features of all human shapes to him the most terrible.

From that night he had never left his room, and his landlady deemed it prudent to defer no longer investigating his condition, lest it should be betrayed in the mode Hamlet suggested for the discovery of Polonius.

She found his door, as she expected, locked. She knocked and called—there was no answer. She screamed, but in vain; not the faintest sound, or sign of life, was returned; and, concluding the poor man was dead, and with the usual vulgar fear of encountering the spectacle of death alone, she hastily descended the stairs, and, communicating her apprehensions to Mr. Flavel, she begged he would stand by, while she forced open the door. He attended her, followed by Frank. The weak fastenings gave way at once to her forcible pressure, and they all entered the apartment so long and so sedulously concealed. Smith was living, but insensible, and apparently in a deep lethargy. Nothing could be more miserable and squalid than the room, its furniture, and tenant. He lay on a cot-bed, tucked so close under the inclining ceiling, that he seemed hardly to have breathing space. There was no linen on his bed, and his coverings were made of shreds and patches, which he had himself sewn together. A little pine-table, with an inkstand carefully corked, crossed by two pens worn to the stump, and as carefully

wiped, stood by his bed-side. A broken basin, mug, tea-cup, and plate, bought at a china shop for a few pennies—a single chair, the bottom of which he had curiously repaired with list, and a small box-stove, comprised his furniture. His threadbare garments were hanging around the room. A six-penny loaf, half-eaten and mouldy, a dried herring, and a few grains of rice rolled in a paper, and tied, lay on the table.

Quiescent as the landlady's curiosity had hitherto been, it was now called into action by what usually proves a sedative—the means of present gratification. After a glance at the sick man, she made a rapid survey of the room, and, holding up both hands, exclaimed, "John Smit's a fool! and that's what I did not take him for—lock his door, indeed! he might as well bolt and bar a drum-head—a pretty spot of work, truly, to have to wrench off a good lock to break our way into this tomb, where there's nothing after all but his old carcass!—Ah! what's this?" A new object struck her eye, and, stooping down, she attempted to draw from beneath the bed an iron box; she

could not move it. Her predilection was confirmed ; her long cherished faith in Smith's worldly wisdom re-established, and, looking up with an indescribable expression of satisfaction and triumph, and laughing outright, for the first time for many a year, she exclaimed, "Johny a'n't a fool, but !"

Her look appealed to Mr. Flavel. He did not notice it. Frank enforced it by taking hold of his arm, and saying, "See, see, Mr. Flavel !" But Mr. Flavel saw but one object. His eyes were rivetted to Smith. For a moment he gazed intently, and then uttered his thoughts unconsciously and in a half-suffocated tone—"Good God !—It cannot be—and yet how like ! He removed the black and matted lock from Smith's forehead. It was wrinkled and furrowed. "Seven and twenty years might do this—No, no, it is impossible." He turned away and covered his eyes, and then again turned towards the dying man, and exclaimed vehemently, "It is—it is—it must be he!" and, putting his lips down to the dull ear, he shrieked in a voice of agony, "Savil ! Savil !" The poor wretch made a convul-

sive struggle, half opened his eyes, and looked mistily on Mr. Flavel. A slight shudder passed over his frame, and he sank again into his deathlike sleep.

The landlady now interposed, and rudely seizing Mr. Flavel's arm, "Clear out!" she said, "what right have you to be tormenting him?" Mr. Flavel shook her from him, and again bending over Smith, he murmured, "No, no, it cannot be—I was wild to hope it—and if it were—oh God!" He turned away abruptly, and said hastily, "Come, Frank—come down stairs with me." Frank followed him, and when he was again in his own room, he took the boy in his arms, and wept aloud. Frank gazed at him in silence. To a child there is something unnatural and appalling in the tears of a man, but the benignant tenderness of the boy, however, soon surmounted every other feeling. He wiped away Mr. Flavel's tears, and caressed and soothed him; and then whispering, as if he were afraid to speak aloud on a subject that had called forth so much emotion, "had I not best," he

asked, "run and beg Dr. Eustace to come and see that man?"

"Dr. Eustace! who is he?"

"Our doctor—mother's doctor—the best doctor in New York!"

"God bless you—yes—why did not I think of it?—tell him I beg him to come instantly. No, say nothing of me—here Frank—say nothing to any one, not to your father even, of what you have seen to-day—but this doctor will not come to this poor devil—what shall we do? I have money enough to pay him for half a dozen visits—tell him so, Frank."

"Dr. Eustace does not care for the money, sir—" said Frank, as he ran off, with all possible haste, on his benevolent errand.

"Poor boy," thought Mr. Flavel, "you must yet learn that there are no disinterested services in this world!" The doctor arrived in a few moments, but not before Mr. Flavel had disciplined himself into perfect self-command. As the doctor came from Smith's room, Mr. Flavel stopped him in the entry, and enquired if the poor

man were still alive. The doctor said "yes," and that he thought it possible he might be revived for a short time, as he had probably fallen into his present state from extreme exhaustion and helplessness.

"You hear what the doctor says," said Mr. Flavel to the landlady, who was also listening to the doctor's report—"Do your utmost—if the man dies now, he dies from your neglect."

The landlady put in her protest, and a just one; but Mr. Flavel did not stay to listen to it.

Either his reproach, or the thought of the strong box, which, it had already occurred to dame Quackenboss, might, in default of heirs at law, escheat to the mistress of the tenement, roused all her energies. She prepared a warm bath, and did every thing else the physician required, in the shortest possible time. The warm bath and powerful stimulants produced such an effect on the patient, that the stupor gradually subsided, and, when the physician saw him in the evening, he was restored to consciousness. This the doctor told Mr.

Flavel, and said at the same time, "the man must have died but for the assistance given him to-day—the discovery of his situation was quite providential."

"Providential!" echoed Mr. Flavel in a sarcastic tone, "the same *Providence* has interposed that left the poor wretch pining in desertion, and exposed to the accidents of starvation and death!"

"Yes, Sir," replied the physician, "the same Providence. I suspect, if we could read this man's history, we should find that he is now enduring the penalty which the wise government of Providence has affixed to certain offences. I infer, from all I can learn from your landlady and from my own observation, that this Smith is a miser, and that he is dying of self-inflicted hardships, which have induced a premature old age. I do not believe he is more than fifty."

"Fifty! good God!" exclaimed Mr. Flavel, in a voice so startling that Dr. Eustace turned on him a look of surprise and enquiry; but he instantly recovered his self-possession, and added, "are you

skilled? are you accurate, doctor, in your observation of ages?—The man seemed to me much older."

"I am not infallible," replied the doctor, "but my profession naturally leads me to make nice observations on the subject. I perceive in this man indications of vigor quite incompatible with advanced age in his present circumstances. The first thing he did when he recovered a glimmering of consciousness, was to look for a key which was under him in the bed—he grasped it and held it firmly clenched in his hand—so firmly that it would have been difficult to wrest it from him. A painter could hardly have invented a better illustration of miserliness than the apartment of this poor wretch—the iron chest peeping from beneath his bed, and the key still tenaciously held by the famished, dying creature. My blood ran cold as I looked at him. This evening his reason is stronger, and I have persuaded him, as the fear of dropping the key increased his restlessness, to let me attach it to a cord and fasten it around his body."

"Do you think him then quite rational this evening?"

"Perfectly—perfectly himself, I fancy. I proposed to send a nurse to him, but he protested most vehemently against it, repeating again and again that he was a 'poor man—a poor man—nurses were extortionate.' I told him I would defray the expense for a night or two; for I thought I should sleep better if I had not left him to die alone; but he still remonstrated, saying that 'a nurse would burn a light all night; would eat up all he had: would keep a fire;' —and, on the whole, I thought so violent an interruption of his usual habits might do him more harm than good."

"He is then entirely alone?"

"Yes, but nothing can make any material difference in his condition. This is but a temporary revival. The man must die in the course of a day or two."—The conversation was now turned from Smith; but Dr. Eustace still prolonged his visit. He found Mr. Flavel far more stimulating to his curiosity, than the poor mendicant miser.

He had a variety of knowledge, a keenness of perception, a lucid and striking mode of expressing his thoughts, and withal, a vein of deep and bitter misanthropy, that indicated a man of marked character and singular experience. The doctor's professional interest, too, was awakened. He saw Mr. Flavel was suffering from severe physical derangement, and he hinted to him the necessity of some medical application, which Mr. Flavel declined, intimating, at the same time, his complete infidelity in the science of medicine. The doctor soon after took his leave, with a somewhat abated estimation of his new acquaintance's sagacity. Few men, however liberal, can bear to have their profession disparaged.

At his usual hour Mr. Flavel retired to bed, but not to sleep—the strange and strong emotions of the morning had been soon subdued, and his subsequent reflection had convinced him they must be groundless. These reflections were in daylight, when reason bears sway; but alone, in the stillness, darkness, and deep retirement of the night, his imagination resumed its ascen-

dancy. That face, so well known, so well remembered, so changed, and yet the same, haunted him. The bare possibility that it was the same, had awakened passions that he had believed dead within him. He past in review the last few weeks of his life. He was himself changed—he no longer 'dwelt in despair.' His soul had revived to kindly influences. The instrument, that he believed broken and ruined, and that had sent forth nothing but discord and wild sounds, had responded music to the touch of nature—to the breath of sympathy. "What was it in this boy, whom he had so recently known, that had melted his frozen affections? what, in his mild tender eye, that pierced to the very depths of his soul?" His thoughts again reverted to the strange agitations of the morning—and again, the electric flash of hope darted athwart his mind. He started from his bed. "Are these the mysterious intimations of Providence?—*Providence!* If such a power exists, it has been to me oppressive—obdurate. Have I not ceased to dread it?—to believe it? Still the web of nursery superstition clings about me. I

had dreams last night of the long dead—forgiven—forgotten—forgotten! Singular, that such dreams should be followed by this strange event! Am I doating? I must still this throbbing heart. I will see him again, though the opened wound should bleed to death!" Thus deciding, and obeying an impulse of inextinguishable hope, Mr. Flavel took his lamp, wrapped his dressing gown about him, and cautiously ascended to Smith's apartment. He found the room in darkness. He closed the door after him and advanced to the foot of the bed. The sick man was in a sweet slumber, but the sudden light of the lamp, falling directly across his face, awakened him. At first he seemed confused, doubtful whether he still dreamed, or whether the apparition before him were a reality or a spectre; but in an instant the blood mounted into his pallid face, and he made an effort to shriek for help. The sound died on his powerless lips—drops of sweat burst out on his forehead—he stretched out his arm as if to repel the figure, and articulated in the lowest whisper—"Not yet! I am not dead yet! oh don't come yet!"

"Fool!—madman!—What do you take me for? I am a living man—speak, speak to me once more." The affrighted wretch was confounded with a mingled horror of the dead, and dread of the living—the terrors of both worlds were before him—his eyes were glued to Mr. Flavel, and his features seemed stiffening in death. "Oh, speak to me!" reiterated Mr. Flavel, agonized with the apprehension that he was already past utterance. "Speak one word—am I deceived?—or are you John Savil?"

"*Clarence!*" murmured the dying man. Flavel staggered back and sank into the chair—a deadly faintness came over him, but in one instant more the tide of life rushed back, and he darted to the bed, crying, "Tell me, is he living?"

The poor wretch made an effort to reply, but the accents died on his lips—there was a choaking rattling in his throat—he attempted to sign with his hand, but the blight of death was on it, and he could not move a finger—he fixed his eye on Flavel—its eager glance spoke—but was there life or death in its language?—who should interpret it?

Flavel bent over him in torturing, breathless expectation. The faint hue of life faded from his lips. There was a slight convulsion in his throat, and his eyes closed. Mr. Flavel rushed to the door and called aloud, again and again, for help—no one answered—no one heard him.

Again he returned to the bed, and laid his hand on the dying man's heart. It was still feebly beating. "There is yet a spark of life," he thought. "It may be possible once more to revive him." A bottle of spirits of hartshorn was standing on the table; he dashed it over his face, bosom, and hands. Smith gasped, and unclosed his eyes. Mr. Flavel administered a powerful stimulant—the effect seemed miraculous—the mysterious energies of nature were quickened—consciousness returned—and, after repeated efforts, he articulated, "he lives—wait."

Mr. Flavel pressed both his hands on his own heart, which seemed as if it would leap from his bosom; and, warned by the effect of his first impetuosity, he attempted to be calm, and to say deliberately, "Savil, I'll forgive you every thing, if you'll rouse your

powers to tell me all you know." He again offered the medicinal draught.

The dying man received it passively, and shortly after said, "I am too far gone to tell it!"

"God help me!" exclaimed Flavel, in utter despair.

"It is all written," murmured Smith.

"Written!—where?"

"Oh! do not speak so loud to me. It is all written; when I'm gone, you'll find it."

"Where?—tell me where!"

"In my iron box."

What the physician had said of the box and key flashed upon Mr. Flavel's mind; he instantly dragged the box from beneath the bed, threw open the blankets, and tore the key from the skeleton body.

The ruling passion, strong in death, nerved Smith with supernatural strength. He raised himself in the bed—"Oh, don't take my money," he cried—"there is not much—'tis but such a little while I want it—it is my all. Oh, there's somebody coming—they'll see it—they'll see it—Oh, shut the box!"

Mr. Flavel did not hear him; he heard nothing, saw nothing—but a manuscript, which he seized, and, dropping the lid and turning the key, he threw it on the bed, and left the apartment, without seeing the tears of joy that streamed from the miser's eyes, as, sinking back, he breathed out his last breath, muttering, "My money is safe!"

CHAPTER III.

Come and sit down by me!
My solitude is solitude no more.—MANFRED.

"WHO is this Mr. Flavel, Frank, that you make such an ado about?" asked Mrs. Carroll, as she was adjusting a napkin over a cold partridge which her son had begged for his friend.

"Who? why, mother, you know—the person who lives in William-street."

"Ah, that I know very well; but he is only a lodger there: where does he come from?"

"I am sure, mother, I do not know."

"What countryman is he? You must know that, Frank."

"An American, I believe; he speaks just as we do;—no, I guess he's English; he

speaks shorter, and cuts off his words just in that crusty way that father says is English."

"Does he never say any thing about himself?"

"No, never. Oh, yes! I remember the day I carried him some of those superb peaches cousin Anne sent us, he said I was the only person in the world that ever thought of him; and he said it in a choking kind of way, as if he could scarcely help crying."

"Does he seem extremely poor?"

"Yes—oh, no; not so very poor—I never think of his being poor when I am with him, any more than if he were a gentleman."

"Is he well-looking?"

"Yes, mother; at least I like his looks very much now; but when I first saw him, I thought him such a fright! He has very large black eyes, and they are so sunken in his head, that they looked all black to me; his hair is a dark brown, like father's, excepting where it is gray; and his skin looks like some of the old shrivelled parchment in father's office; and he is very tall, and so thin that it seems as if his bones might

rattle; and he has turns of breathing like a cracked whistle. But for all, mother, I like his looks; and one thing I know, I had rather be with him, than with any body else."

Making all due allowance for the juvenile superlatives of Frank's description, Mrs. Carroll was at a loss to understand what attraction there could be in the stranger to counteract the first impression of such a figure as her son had depicted. After a moment's pause, "Does Mr. Flavel give you any thing, Frank?" she asked.

"Mother! he has nothing in the world to give; that he very often says to me."

"What can make you like him so much, Frank."

"Because I do, mother. Now don't say that's no reason; just give me the partridge, and let me go."

"Not quite so fast, if you please, Mr. Frank! You surely can tell me, if you will, what it is that attaches you to this stranger? Does he talk to you—does he tell you stories?"

"Not very often. He has told me of

some shipwrecks, and of the Obi men in the West Indies."

"It's extremely odd you should care so much about him; what can the charm be?"

"I am sure I do not know, mother; only he is always glad to see me, and he seems to love me, and he has not any body else to care for him."

Mrs. Carroll smiled, kissed her boy, and added to the partridge she had arranged a small jar of jelly; and Frank ran off, happy in the indulgence of his affection, without being compelled to give a reason for it.

When he arrived at the little Dutch domicile, a hackney coach was standing before the door; and, as Frank put his hand on the latch, the coachman called after him, "Here, my lad, tell the folks in there to make haste; it's bad enough to wait for my betters, without being kept standing for the alms-house gentry."

The sound of Frank's first step in the entry was usually greeted by a welcoming call from Mr. Flavel; but no kind tone saluted him now, and, alarmed by an unusual turmoil in his friend's apartment, he hastened forward to

his door, which stood a little ajar, and there he remained rivetted to the threshold, by the scene that presented itself. Mr. Flavel lay extended on the bed, his eyes closed, and his head awkwardly propped with chairs and pillows; his hostess was bustling about him, and at the moment arranging a neckcloth around his throat, while two strapping blacks stood at the foot of the bed, awaiting the conclusion of her operations to convey him to the coach. He appeared entirely unconscious, till an involuntary exclamation of "Oh, dear!" burst from little Frank's lips. He then languidly opened his eyes, and attempted to speak; but failing, he made a violent muscular effort, and succeeded in beckoning the child to him, took his hand, and laid it first on his heart, and then to his lips. Frank burst into tears. "Stand away, boy," cried Mrs. Quackenboss, rudely pushing Frank, "stand away, the men can't wait."

Frank maintained his ground: "Wait for what? what are you going to do with Mr. Flavel?"

"What am I going to do with him? send him to the alms-house, to be sure."

"Oh! don't send him to the alms-house."

"And what for not to the alms-house?"

"Because—because he is so very sick, and the alms-house is such a strange place for him to go to. Oh don't—don't send him there."

"Pshaw, boy! stand away—I tell you there's no time to be lost."

"Let him stay one minute then, while I can run over the way, and speak to my father about him."

"No, no, child, what's the use?" replied the old woman. But, when Mr. Flavel again attempted to speak and failed, and tears gushed from his eyes, still intently fixed on Frank, her obduracy was softened, and perhaps a superstitious feeling awakened. "It's an ugly sight to see the like of him this way," she said, "but go, boy, and be quickly back again."

Frank ran, found his father, and touched his heart with the communication of his benevolent grief. "Well, my son," he said, "what do you wish me to do?"

Frank hesitated; his instinct taught him that the proposition his heart dictated was

rather quixotic, but his father's moistened eye and sweet smile encouraged him, and when Mr. Carroll added, "speak out Frank, what shall I do?" he boldly answered, "take him home, to our house, sir."

"My dear boy! you do not consider."

"No, father, I know it—there's no time to consider; the men are waiting to take him to the alms-house. The alms-house is not fit for Mr. Flavel, father; and besides, I can never go there to see him. Oh, don't consider—do come and look at him."

Nature inspired the truth of philosophy! the senses are the most direct avenues to the heart; and Frank Carroll felt that the sight of his friend would best plead his cause; and he deemed it half gained when his father took up his hat and returned with him. As they entered the apartment together, Mr. Flavel, whose eye, ever since Frank left the room, had been turned towards the door in eager expectation, rose almost upright on the bed, stretched his hand out to Mr. Carroll, drew him to the bedside, and perused his face with an expression of intelligent and most mysterious earnestness. He then sank

back quite exhausted, and articulated a few words, but so faintly that they were not audible.

Mr. Carroll was confounded. He first thought the stranger must be delirious; but, after a moment's more consideration, he was assured of his sanity, and he felt that there was something in his appearance that accounted for Frank's interest, and justified it. It was the ruin of a noble temple. Humiliating as the circumstances were that surrounded him, there was still an air of refinement about him that confirmed Frank's opinion that the alms-house "was not a fit place for him," and when, a moment after, the old man fondly laid his hand on Frank's head, and the tears again gushed from his eyes, the boy turned to his father as if the appeal were irresistible, saying, "There, sir, you will take him home with us, won't you?"

To tell the truth, Mr. Carroll's heart was scarcely less susceptible than his son's, and he only hesitated from dread of a certain domestic tribunal, before which some justification of an extraordinary and inconvenient

charity would be necessary. Therefore, while the hackman was hallooing at the door, the blacks were muttering their impatience, and the old woman kept a sort of under barking, he proceeded to make an investigation of the subject.

He took the old woman aside: "Who is this Mr. Flavel?" he asked.

"The Lord knows."

"How long has he lodged here?"

"Six weeks."

"Has he paid you his board regularly?"

"What for should I keep him if he had not?"

"Then am I to understand he has?"

"Yes, yes; and in good hard money too; for I can't read their paper trash."

"And how do you know that he has not money to pay any farther expenses you may incur for him?"

"How do I know?—how should I know, but by finding out? When I came in the room to make his fire this morning, he laid in a stiff fit, and I made an overhaul of his pockets and trunk, and nothing could I find but a trifle of change."

"Has he not clothes enough to secure you?"

"Yes, he has lots of clothes; but who wants dead men's clothes to be *spooked* all their lives; and besides, a lone woman, like I am, what should I do with a man's clothes?"

"You can sell them to the pawn-brokers."

"No, no; its bad luck to meddle or make with *daut* clothes. Come, Tony," she continued, turning to the black men, "take hold; and Jupe, as you go by the 'ready-made coffin store, call and tell them to send a coffin for Mr. Smit. The body is short, and narrow at the shoulders; let them send an under-sized one, that will come at a low price; for poor Mr. Smit would not like waste in his burying.—Come, boys, up with him."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Frank, in a voice of the most pathetic entreaty.

"Stop, fellows!" cried Mr. Carroll, and then, turning again to the surly woman, "keep Mr. Flavel for the present," he said; "spare no attention. I will send a nurse and physician here, and see that all your charges are paid."

"No, no; there's one death in the house already, and he'd soon make another—the place will get a bad name—let him quit."

Mr. Carrol perceived that her dogged resolution was not to be moved; he was disgusted at her brutal coarseness, and not sorry to be in some sort compelled to the decision which his heart first prompted. He asked Mr. Flavel if he thought he could bear to be carried on a litter to Barclay-street. For a moment Mr. Flavel made no sign of reply, but pressed his hand on his head as if his feelings were too intense to be borne. Then again, taking Mr. Carroll's hand in both his, he murmured "Yes."

Every expression, every movement heightened Mr. Carroll's interest in Flavel, and strengthened his resolution to serve him. He ordered the blacks to go immediately to the hospital for a litter, and himself hurried home to prepare his wife for the reception of her unexpected and extraordinary guest. This was a delicate business; but he executed it with as much skill as the time admitted. Mrs. Carroll, though kind-hearted and complying to a reasona-

ble degree, never lost sight of the 'appearance of the thing,' nor was she ever insensible to the exactions and sacrifices that render many forms of charity so costly. She heard her husband through, and then exclaimed, "What have you been about, Carroll? You may as well turn the house into an alms-house at once. I don't know what people will think of us! You and Frank are just alike! There's some excuse for him; but really, Carroll, I think you might have some consideration. What are we to do with the man?

"Whatever you please, my dear Sarah; it can be but for a very little while. If he lives, I will get lodgings for him. I had not the heart to refuse Frank."

"Frank should be a little more considerate; but men and boys are all alike. I never knew one of them have the least consideration. They just determine what they desire must be done, and there's an end of their trouble. A sick *man* is so disagreeable to take care of, and who is to do it here? You surely would not have me nurse

him; and as to Barbara and Tempy, they have their hands full already."

"I have already thought of this trouble, my dear wife, and have obviated it. On my way home I met Conolly; he applied to me to recommend him to a place as nurse, or waiter; I have directed him to come immediately here; he is perfectly competent to all the extra labour necessary, and as to the rest, my dear Sarah, no creature beneath your roof will ever suffer for attention or kindness."

Mrs. Carroll smiled, in spite of her vexation, at this well-timed, and in truth, well-deserved compliment; and when Frank at the next moment bounded in, looking beautiful with the flush of exercise and the beaming of his gratified spirit through his lovely face, and springing into his father's arms, embraced and thanked him, and kissed his mother, and expressed the joy of his full heart by jumping about the room, clapping his hands, and other noisy demonstrations—Mrs. Carroll went with as much alacrity to make the preparatory arrangements,

as if the charity were according to the accepted forms of this virtue, and as if it had originated with herself.

Before an attic room, which was most suitable to the condition of the expected guest, could be prepared, he arrived; and Mrs. Carroll, alarmed by his pale and exhausted appearance, which seemed to her to portend immediate death, threw open the door of her neat spare-room, and thus instated the poor sick stranger in the possession of the best bed and most luxurious apartment of her frugal establishment.

Mrs. Carroll had a worrying vein, but the serene temper, superior qualities, and affectionate devotion of her husband, duly tempered the heat, and prevented its rising to the curdling point.

There were a good many annoyances in this benevolent enterprise that none but a housewife as precise as Mrs. Carroll could rightly appreciate. "Any other time," she thought, "she should not have cared about it, but the room was just white-washed, and the curtains were so uncommonly white; and though the chimney smoked the least

in the world, it did smoke, and every thing would get as yellow as saffron; and it was such a pity to have so much racing over the new stair-carpet—if she only had not given away the old one—and Tempy would get no time for the street-door brasses, and nothing did try her so much as dirty brasses; and in short, though every inconvenience seemed to her peculiar to this particular case, her good dispositions finally triumphed over them all, and her sick guest was as scrupulously attended, as if he had derived his claim from a more imposing source than his wants.

CHAPTER IV.

"'Tis nature's worship—felt—confess'd
Far as the life which warms the breast!—
The sturdy savage midst his clan
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart."—Byron.

A few days of skilful medical attendance from Dr. Eustace, the care of a tolerable nurse, and the kindest devotion of the whole Carroll family, worked miracles on Mr. Flavel's exhausted frame.

He seemed no stranger to the little comforts and modest luxuries he now enjoyed—no 'Christopher Sly' awaking from his dreams, but as if he might have been both 'Honor' and 'Lord' all the days of his

life. But, though the refinements of Mrs. Carroll's *spare-room* did not produce any marked sensation, the kindness of the family did; no look or word escaped his notice; never was man more sensible—more alive to the charities of life. Dr. Eustace said he appeared as much changed since the first time he had seen him, as if an evil spirit had been driven from his breast to give place to the ministry of good angels.

"Do you mean to pay a compliment to my children, Doctor?" asked Mr. Carroll, to whom the Doctor had addressed his remark.

"No; not to them exclusively. I think your influence, Carroll, on Mr. Flavel is more striking than theirs—than Frank's even—though he doats on Frank; but I have noticed that you excite an obvious emotion whenever you come into his room; and, once or twice, I have been feeling his pulse when you were coming up stairs, and feeble as they were, the sound of your approaching footsteps has quickened them even to throbbing."

"It's very odd," said Mrs. Carroll, "if he really feels so much, that he never speaks of it; not that I care about it at all, you

know; but I think it is but civil, when one is receiving all sorts of favours, to express some gratitude for them."

"I am sure he feels it, and feels it deeply," replied Doctor Eustace. "He betrayed so much emotion yesterday in speaking of your husband, that I thought it prudent to leave the room; and to-day he begged me, in case he should suddenly lose his speech or faculties, to request Mr. Carroll to keep him under his roof while he lived. He knew, he said, that Carroll's means were too limited to allow him to indulge his generous dispositions, and he wished him to be informed, that he had sufficient funds in the hands of the Barings to indemnify him for any expenses he might incur. He has made some memorandums, to that effect I presume, to be given to you in case of his sudden death."

"That is just what I should have expected," exclaimed Mrs. Carroll; "true John Bull, keeping up a show of independence to the last gasp; as if a few dollars were a compensation for all this trouble in a gentleman's family. Now, my dear husband, don't look so solemn; is it not a little

provoking, considering all our trouble, to say nothing of expense?"

"Yes, dear; a *little* provoking."

"Oh! nothing ever provokes you. I should not think any thing of doing it for a friend, but for a stranger it is quite a different affair."

"Few would scruple doing for a friend, Sarah, all you have done for Mr. Flavel, but I know few beside you that would have done it for a stranger."

"Mrs. Carroll was mollified by her husband's praise. She knew she in part deserved it, and she was too honest to put in a disclaimer. "I know, Charles," she said, "that I am not half so generous as you are;" that was true; "but I have really done what I could for the old gentleman; gentleman he certainly is; that *is* a satisfaction; poor man, I do feel for him. Yesterday, doctor, after you told me that the recurrence of the fits might carry him off at any moment, I thought it my duty to hint to him the importance of seeing a clergyman, and I proposed to him to send for Mr. Stanhope. He replied very coldly

that he wished to avoid all unnecessary excitement. *Unnecessary!* said I. My dear madam, said he, do not give yourself any uneasiness on my account. I must take my chance. Quackery cannot help me."

"He has, no doubt, had a singular experience," said Mr. Carroll, "and has probably peculiar religious views, but I trust, better than these expressions would indicate. When I went into his room last evening, Frank was reading the bible to him, and Gertrude stood ready with her prayer book, to read the prayers for the sick. He had, it seems, requested this. His face was covered with his handkerchief, and I left them to their celestial ministry. Mr. Flavel has probably lived in a corrupt state of society, and has become distrustful of religious teachers—has involved them all in a sweeping prejudice against the priestly office. Such a man's devotional feelings would have nothing to resist in the ministry of children. He would yield himself to their simplicity and truth, and feel their accordance with the elements of Christian instruction. I feel an inexpressible interest

in him, and I cannot but hope that the light of religion has, with healing on its beams, penetrated his heart."

"That is hoping against hope, Charles; if he has any such feelings as you imagine, why, for pity's sake, does not he express them?"

"There are various modes of expression; his present tranquillity may be one. There are persons so reserved, so fastidious, that they never speak of their religious feelings."

"Well—that's what I call being more nice than wise," replied Mrs. Carroll, "especially when one, like Mr. Flavel, has done with the world."

Mr. Carroll made no reply. His wife's mind was of a different texture from his, and the sensation her remarks sometimes produced was similar to that endured by a person of an exquisite musical ear from a discordant note. He said something of not having seen Mr. Flavel since dinner, and went to his apartment. He was sitting in his bed and looking better than usual. k sat on one side of him, abstracting in from a bunch of fine grapes,

and giving them to the invalid; his little sister, Gertrude, on the other, reading aloud. "Where did you get your grapes, Frank?" asked his father.

"Cousin Anne Raymond gave them to me, but I would not have taken them if I had not thought to myself, they would be good for Mr. Flavel."

"Why not, my son?"

"Because cousin Anne is such a queer woman. I wish I had not any rich cousins; or, at least, I wish mother would not make me go and see them. I am glad we are not rich, father."

"Riches do not, of course, Frank, make people like your cousin Anne; but how has she offended you?"

"In the first place, I met her in the entry, and without even saying, 'how do you do,' she asked me if I had scraped my shoes."

"There was surely no harm in that."

"I know that, sir; but then she might have looked first, as you would have done. Mother told me, before I left home, about cousin Anne's famous carpets, and charged

me to scrape my feet; and I had. Blame her new carpets! I wish I had soiled them."

"My son!"

"Well father, I was too provoked with her; there was ever so much fine company in the parlor, and I went to get myself a chair, and they were all looking at me, and I stumbled, I don't know how, but at any rate I broke the leg of the chair, and cousin Anne laughed out loud, and said to one of the gentlemen, 'I expected it,' and then she whispered to me, 'always wait for a servant to hand you a chair, my dear;' and then she ordered the man to give me some cake—I was determined I would not take any if I died for it; and one of the ladies said, the young man is quite right, it is too *rich* for him."

Mr. Carroll laughed at the boy's simplicity. "Frank," he said, "she meant too *rich* to be wholesome."

"I don't know what she meant, sir, but I hate the very word rich. Soon after, when most of her visitors were gone, she said, 'so Frank, your mother has a famous new hat—where did she get it?' I told

her it was a present from aunt Selden; 'I thought so,' said she, 'I thought she would hardly buy such an expensive hat.' I hope mother will never wear it again—I wish she would not wear any fine presents."

"I wish so too, Frank; but was this all that our cousin said?"

"No, not all; but I will tell you the rest some other time, sir." The rest, which Frank's delicacy suppressed, was in relation to his father's singular guest. Mrs. Raymond made many inquiries about him; said it was absurd to take in a man of that sort; it was making an alms-house of your house at once; and beside, it was an enormous expense; but, as to that, it seemed to her, that poor people never thought of expense; to be sure, benevolence, and sentiment, and all that, were very fine things, but for her part, she did not see how people that had but fifteen hundred dollars a year could afford to indulge them. This scornful railing was not, of course, addressed to Frank, but spoken, as if he had neither ears nor understanding, to another rich supercilious cousin. This, conspiring with the morti-

fying incidents of the morning visit, filled the generous boy's bosom with a contempt of riches that all the stoicism of all the schools could not have inspired. When he, afterwards, related this supplement to his cousin's conversation, Mr. Carroll's only reply was, "It is true, my dear boy, that our income admits few luxuries—but the luxury of giving shall be the last that we deny ourselves."

But we must return to the little circle around the invalid's bed, which was soon enlarged, by the addition of Mrs. Carroll, and the following conversation ensued, and seemed naturally to arise from what had preceded.

"Suppose for a moment, Frank," said Mr. Flavel, "that one of the good genii of your fairy tales were to offer to make your father rich, would you accept the offer?"

"No, no; not if he must be like other rich people."

"What say you, my little Gertrude?"

"Not if he were to be at all different from what he is."

"I am not in much danger," said the delighted father, "of sighing after fortune while I possess you, my children."

"Then," said Mr. Flavel, whose countenance seemed to have caught the illumination of Carroll's, "you do not desire fortune?"

"No, I do not; at least I have no desire for it that in the least impairs my contentment. Every day's observation strengthens my conviction that mediocrity of fortune is most favorable to virtue, and of course to happiness."

"And you would not accept of fortune if it were offered to you?"

"Ah, that I do not say; money is the representative of power—of the most enviable of all power, that of doing good. I have my castles in the air as well as other men—my dreams of the possible happiness to be derived from using and dispensing wealth."

"And you flatter yourself that with the acquisition of wealth you should retain the dispositions that spring naturally from the bosom of virtuous mediocrity?"

"Surely, Mr. Flavel, some men have

resisted the corrupting influence of money, and have used it for high and beneficent purposes. At any rate, if I flatter myself, the delusion is quite innocent, and in no danger of being dispelled. It is scarcely among the possible casualties of life that I should possess wealth ; my decent clerkship only affords moderate compensation to constant labor. I have not a known relative in the word, and I never gamble in lotteries"—

"Life is a lottery, my dear friend," replied Mr. Flavel; "your virtue may yet be proved."

"Heaven grant it!" sighed Mrs. Carroll.

"Then you do not share your husband's philosophic indifference to wealth, Mrs. Carroll?"

"Wealth! that is out of the question; I do not care for wealth, but I confess that I should like a competency—I should like a little more than we have: my husband works from morning till night for a mere pittance."

"Why should not I? Labor is no evil."

"Pshaw! Mr. Carroll, I know that; but then one does like to get some com-

pensation for it. You seem to forget the children are growing up, and want the advantages of education—"

"Pardon me, that I never forget; but the essentials of a good education are within our reach, and as to accomplishments, they are luxuries that may be dispensed with, and for which I, certainly, would not sacrifice the moral influences of our modest competence."

"I do not see, Charles, that moral influences need to be sacrificed. If you were as rich as Crœsus, you would be careful to instil good principles into your children."

"Perhaps so; but I have more confidence in the influence of circumstances favorable to the formation of character, than in direct instruction. The most energetic, self-denying, and disinterested persons I have ever known, have been made so by the force of necessity. Mr. Flavel, you must have seen a good deal of the world—are you not of my opinion?"

"My opinions," replied Mr. Flavel, with a sigh, "have been moulded by peculiar circumstances, and scarcely admit of any

general application. Mrs. Carroll has given honorable reasons for coveting more ample means; she may have others equally strong" —he looked inquiringly at Mrs. Carroll, as if anxious she should speak her whole mind on the subject, and she frankly replied, "Certainly, I have other reasons; I should like to be able to live in a better house—to have more servants and furniture—in short, to live genteelly." Mr. Flavel's countenance for a moment resumed its sarcastic expression, and Mr. Carroll rose and walked to the window; but Mrs. Carroll, without observing either, continued, "By living genteelly, I mean merely, being able to move in good society, on equal terms."

"Is cousin Anne *good society*?" asked little Frank.

"Yes, my son, replied his father; "all your mother's connections are good society."

If there was satire in the tone of Mr. Carroll's voice, it passed unnoticed by his wife, who said, with the most perfect self-complacency, "Yes, that's true; my family

has always been in the very first society, and it is natural that I should wish my children to associate with my relatives."

" Perfectly natural, my dear wife, but perfectly impossible, since wealth is the only passport to this good society, at least, the only means of procuring a family ticket of admission."

" Well, that's just what I say, just what I desire riches for; but then," she continued, with a little petulance in her manner, " if you had not been so particular, Mr. Carroll, we might have kept on visiting terms with some of our connections. We have been repeatedly invited to uncle Henry's and cousin William's."

" Yes, we might have been guests on sufferance, and have gone to weddings and funerals at sundry other uncles and cousins, but I was too proud, Sarah, to permit you to receive your rights as favours."

" There is such a thing, Mr. Carroll, as being too proud for one's own interest; and for our dear children's interest, I think we should sacrifice a little of our pride."

"It can never be for the interest of our children," replied Mr. Carroll with decision, "that they should sacrifice their independence of character for the sake of associating with those to whom the mere accidents of life have assigned a superior—no, I am wrong—a different station. I have no ambition that my children should move in fashionable society; I do not believe that in any country it includes the most elevated and virtuous class; certainly not in our city, where the aristocracy of wealth is the only efficient aristocracy. No, I thank God that there is a barrier between us and the fashionable world; that we cannot approach it near enough to be dazzled by its glare: for, like the reptile that fascinates its victims by the emission of a brilliant mist, so the polite world is encircled by a halo fatally dazzling to common senses." Mr. Carroll spoke with less qualification, and more earnestness than was warranted by his more deliberate opinion; but he was particularly annoyed at this moment by the display of his wife's ruling passion.

"It does not signify talking, Mr. Carroll," she replied; "you and I can never agree on this subject."

"Not exactly, perhaps, but we do not materially disagree. Indeed, if the old rule hold good, and actions speak louder than words, you have already given the strongest opinion on my side, by allying yourself to a poor dog, who, you well knew, could not sustain you in the fashionable world."

Mrs. Carroll felt awkwardly, and was glad to be relieved by a summons to the parlor, where she found the 'cousin Anne,' from whose gossiping scrutiny the insignificance of her humble condition did not exempt her. While Mrs. Carroll was parrying her ingenious cross-examination relative to her guest, her husband continued the conversation with him: "Fortunately in our country," he said, "there are no real, no permanent distinctions, but those that are created by talent, education, and virtue. These fashionable people, who most pride themselves on their prerogative of exclusiveness, feel the extreme precariousness of the tenure by which they hold their privi-

leges. A sudden reverse of fortune, one of the most common accidents of a commercial city, plunges them into irretrievable obscurity and insignificance; for to them all that portion of the world that is not shone upon by the sun of fashion, is a region of shadows and darkness. Perhaps I overrate the disadvantages and temptations that follow in the train of wealth; but if my estimate of them increases my own fund of contentment, my mistake is at least useful to myself. The fox was the true philosopher. It is better to believe that the grapes which we cannot reach are sour, than to disrelish our own food by dwelling on their sweetness. But, Mr. Flavel, I beg ten thousand pardons for my prosing. I have wearied you with all this common place on the commonest of all moral topics."

"No, not in the least; it is a common topic, because one of universal interest. No, my dear friend, your sentiments delight me. I find myself in a new region. I feel like one awakened from a confused, distressful dream. Life has been a dream to me; strange, eventful, suffering."

His voice faltered, and Conolly, his nurse, entering at the moment, and observing his agitation, whispered to Mr. Carroll that he had best remove the children, for he believed the old gentleman was going into his fits. The children were accordingly dismissed, and a cordial administered, though Mr. Flavel protested it was unnecessary, for he felt stronger than he had done for some time, and, lowering his voice, he requested Mr. Carroll to send Conolly away, and direct him to remain below till called for. "I must be alone with you," he said, "I must not, I cannot delay this longer."

Conolly was dismissed and not recalled till after the lapse of an hour, when the bell was rung repeatedly and so violently that the whole family, in excessive alarm, ran up to the sick chamber. Mr. Flavel was in violent convulsions in Mr. Carroll's arms, who was himself bereft of all presence of mind. He gave hurried and contradictory orders. He sent for Dr. Eustace, and, on his appearing, appealed to him as if happiness and life itself were at stake, to use all his art to restore Mr. Flavel to con-

sciousness. For twenty-four hours he never left his bed side—scarcely turned his eyes from him; but, at the first intimation that he was recovering his senses, he quitted him, retired to his own room for a few moments, then came out and took some refreshment, and returned with a calm exterior to his bed-side. Still the unsubdued and intense emotions of his mind were evident in his knitted brow, his flushed cheek, and trembling nerves. He could not be persuaded to leave Mr. Flavel for a moment, day nor night. He would not suffer any one else to render him the slightest service, and he watched him with a mother's devotion—a devotion that triumphs over all the wants and weakness of nature.

CHAPTER V.

"When just is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!"—MRS. BARBAULD.

WEARY days and nights succeeded. To all Mr. Carroll's family it seemed as if he were spell-bound. His color faded, his eye was red and heavy; he had forgotten his business, his family, every thing but one single object of intense anxiety and care. His altered deportment gave rise to strange and perplexed conjectures; but curious glances and obscure intimations alike passed by him as if he were deaf and blind. Dr. Eustace said in reply to his anxious demand of his medical opinion, "If Mr. Flavel has quieted his mind by the communication

he has made to you, he may again have an interval of consciousness. The mind has an inexplicable influence on the body, even when to us it appears perfectly inert." Mr. Carroll made no answer: nor, when Conolly's curiosity flashed out in such exclamations as that "Sure and it's well for him, any way, that he's made a clear breast of it," did he reply word or look to the insinuation. He persevered in his obstinate silence even when Mrs. Carroll, impatient at this new exclusion from conjugal confidence, said, "I am sure I don't wish any one to tell me any thing about it; but your silence, Charles, does wear my spirits out; where there is mystery there is always something wrong. I had misgivings from the first; you must do me the justice to remember that. A great risk it was to take in such a singular stranger. I always thought so, you know. We could not tell but he had committed some great crime. Dear! it makes my blood run cold to think what sort of a person we may have been harboring." All this was said, and passively endured, while Mr. Carroll was swal-

lowing his hasty breakfast. He moved abruptly from the table, and as usual, hurried to Mr. Flavel's apartment.

Frank was startled by his mother's suggestions. He dropped his knife and fork, and signed to his sister to follow him out of the room. "Oh, Gertrude," he said, "do you believe Mr. Flavel is a bad man?"

"No, Frank, I know he is not."

"How do you know it?"

"Why, perfectly well. He does not seem so."

Gertrude certainly had given an insufficient reason for the faith that was in her; and it had little effect in allaying Frank's apprehensions; so that, impelled by them he ventured, though he knew it was forbidden ground, to steal into Mr. Flavel's room. His father was at his constant station at the bed-side. Frank drew near softly, took Mr. Flavel's hand, looked at him intently, and then, hiding his face on his father's breast, he sobbed out, "He has not committed any crime, has he, father?"

Mr. Carroll disengaged himself from his

son, and locked the door. "My dear child," he said, "I am fearful, but I must trust you. While the breath of life is in him you shall know."

"Know what, father? Oh, don't stop."

"You shall know whom you have brought to me." He stopped, almost choaked by his emotion.

"Oh! tell me—tell me, sir."

"My father!"

Frank was confounded; he scarcely comprehended the words; his mind was still fixed on his first inquiry. "But has he committed any crime?" he repeated.

"My dear boy, I do not know; I only know he is my father."

"Father—father," repeated Frank, as if the words did not yet convey a distinct idea to his mind; but as he uttered them they penetrated Mr. Flavel's dull sense; he languidly unclosed his eyes, and looked up with something like returning intelligence; but it seemed the mere glimmering of the dying spark; his eyelids fell, and he was again perfectly unconscious.

Mr. Carroll shuddered at his own impru-

dence. He knew that Mr. Flavel's life hung by a single thread. Till now he had resolutely acted on this conviction, and had now been betrayed by a coercive sympathy with his child. He summoned Conolly, and then, taking Frank into his own apartment, impressed on him the importance of keeping the secret for the present; and Frank's subsequent discretion proved what self-government even a child may attain.

Doctor Eustace, at his next visit, announced a slight improvement in his patient, which was followed by a gradual amendment. This, the Doctor said, could not last; the powers of nature were exhausted. Of this Mr. Flavel was himself perfectly aware, and said, with his characteristic firmness, "If it is in the power of your art, Doctor, suspend the last stroke for a little time."

Medical skill did its utmost; happy circumstances shed their balmy influence on the hurt mind; and the mercy of heaven interposed to protract the flickering flame of life. Mr. Flavel's countenance assumed an expression of serenity, and when his

eye met Carroll's, it beamed forth a bright and tender intelligence, that seemed almost supernatural. As his strength permitted, he had short and private interviews with him, during which he communicated his history. We shall recount it in his own words without specifying each particular interruption.

" Do not expect, my son," he said, " minute particulars. I scarcely dare to think of past events. I dare not recall the feelings they excited; you will sufficiently comprehend them by their ravages.

" My father was a gentleman of Pembrokeshire, in England. At his death his whole property, a large entailed estate, went to my eldest and only brother—Francis Clarence—We never loved each other; he had no magnanimity of temper to reconcile me to the injustice of fortune. He was a calculating sensualist, governed by one object and motive, his own interest. I was naturally of a generous and open temper. Our paths diverged. He entered the fashionable and political world: I drudged contentedly in mercantile business for an

humble living. He married a woman of rank and fortune; I a beautiful unportioned girl. Her name was Mary Temple. It is now almost thirty years since I have pronounced that name, save in my dreams. She was your mother. I have forgiven her.

"You were born at a cottage near Clifton. When I first took you in my arms, I was conscious of a controlling religious emotion; I fell on my knees and dedicated you to Heaven; I now believe my prayer was heard.

"I must not stir the embers of unholy passions; an evil spirit entered my paradise; I was persuaded that it was imbecile and ignoble passively to bear the yoke of a lowly fortune; and to permit my lovely wife to remain in obscurity. Favor and patronage were offered, and a road to certain wealth opened to me in a lucrative business in the West Indies. My wife and child could not be exposed to a tropical climate: they were to be left to my *brother's protection*. My *brother* was my tempter. Oh! the folly of foregoing the certain enjoyment of the best gifts of Heaven in

pursuit of riches—at best a perilous possession, and when the foundations of human happiness are gone, virtue and domestic affection,—a scourge, a curse ! Two years passed; my wife's letters, the only solace of my exile, became infrequent. Some rumours reached my ear. I embarked for England. My brother and wife were in France !—Be calm, my son—I can bear no agitation—I followed them — I found them living in luxury in Paris. I broke into their apartment; I aimed a loaded pistol at my wife; my brother wrested it from me; we fought; I left him dying; returned to England, got possession of you, and re-embarked for Jamaica."

Here, in spite of the force Carroll had put on his feelings, " My mother ?" escaped from his lips.

" Your mother ! she died long since in misery and penitence."

" In penitence; thank God for that."

" I returned with a desperate vigor to my business; by degrees, my son, you won me back to life; but I had horrid passions: passions, that never slumbered

nor slept, tormenting my soul; and I was not to be trusted with the training of a spirit destined for heaven. When you were five years old, your health drooped. The physicians prescribed a change of climate. I had a clerk, John Savil, a patient, and as I thought, faithful drudge. He was going to England on business for me, and was to return directly. I intrusted you to his care, and also a large sum of money to be remitted to England. This money was the price of the sordid wretch's virtue. While the English ship in which he was embarked lay in the harbor, awaiting the serving of the tide, he escaped with you, in a small boat, to an American vessel. During the night a hurricane arose. All night, wild with apprehension, I paced the beach. The morning dawned; the sun shone out, but I could neither be persuaded nor compelled from the shore, till the news was brought in by a pilot-boat, that the English ship was capsized and that every soul on board had perished.

"I was then first seized with epileptic

fits; the effect of exposure to a vertical sun, combined with my grief and despair. This malady has since recurred at every violent excitement of my feelings. The wretch who robbed me of my only treasure was the same whom I discovered at my lodgings in William-street; the miser. In my trunk you will find a manuscript I obtained from him. It contains the particulars and explanation of his crime, and the fullest proof that you are my son. This discovery brought on a return of my disease, which had well nigh ended my suffering life, when Frank brought you to me. God only knows how I survived that moment of intense joy.

"But I must return to those years which have worn so deep their furrows. Time seared, without healing my wounds. I resumed my business; all other interests were now merged in a passion for the acquisition of property. I seemed endued with a magic that turned all I touched to gold. I never mistook this success for happiness; no, the sweet fountains of happiness were converted to bitterness. Memory was cursed and hope

blasted; I was not sordid, but I loved the excitement of a great game; it was a relief to my feverish mind.

"After a while, I formed one of those *liaisons* common in those islands, where man is as careless of the moral as the physical rights of his fellow-creatures. Eli Clairon was the daughter of a French merchant; she had been educated in France, and added to rare beauty and the fascinations of a versatile character, the refinements of polished life. Though tinged with African blood, I would have married her, but I was then still bound by legal ties. Her mother, whose ruling passion was a love of expense, to which I gave unlimited indulgence, connived at our intimacy, till the arrival of Eli's father from France. He had contracted there an advantageous matrimonial alliance for her. I was absent from her in the upper country. She was forced on board a vessel, in spite of her pleadings and protestations. The first accounts from the ship brought the intelligence that she had refused all sustenance, and thrown herself into the sea.

"O my son! did not the curse of Heaven

fall on every thing I loved? I believed so. Eli left a son; I resolved never again to see him—never again to bind myself with cords which I had a too just presentiment would be torn away, to leave bleeding, festering wounds. I supplied the child's pecuniary wants, through his grandmother. She contrived afterwards to introduce him, without exciting my suspicion, among the slaves of my family. He was a creature of rare talent, and soon insinuated himself into my affections. It was his custom to sit on a cushion at my feet after dinner, and sing me to sleep. There was a Spaniard, a villain, whom I had detected, and held up to public scorn. The wretch found his way to my apartment when I was taking my evening repose. I was awakened by a scream from Marcelline. He threw himself on my bosom, and received through his shoulder the thrust of the Spaniard's dirk. The assassin escaped. I folded the boy in my arms; I believed him to be dying; he believed it too, and fondly clinging to me, exclaimed 'I am glad of it—I am glad of it—I have saved my *father's* life!'

"From that moment he recovered the rights of nature, and became the object of my doating fondness; but no flower could spring up in my path but a blight was on it. My temper was poisoned; I had become jealous and distrustful. Poor Marcelline was facile in his temper, and was sometimes the tool of his sordid grandmother, to extract money from me. I was often unjust to the boy. Oh! how bitterly I cursed the wealth, that made me uncertain of the truth of my boy's affection!

"Marcelline was passionate in his attachments, guileless, unsuspicious, the easy victim of the artifices of bolder minds. At sixteen, he was seduced into an affair in which his reputation and life were at hazard. He believed he owed his salvation to the interference of a young Englishman. In the excess of his gratitude, and at the risk of disgrace with me, he disclosed the whole affair to me, and claimed my favour for the stranger, who proved to be my nephew, Winstead Clarence. My soul recoiled from him; he was the image of my brother; but, for Marcelline's sake, I stifled my feel-

ings, permitted Winstead to become a member of my family, and thus was myself the passive instrument of my poor boy's destruction.

"I have not strength for further details. Young Clarence was no doubt moved to his infernal machinations by the hope of ruining Marcelline in my favour, and, as my heir at law, succeeding to my fortune. My broken constitution stimulated his cupidity. Practised as I was in the world, his arts deceived me. My poor boy was a far easier victim. He destroyed our mutual confidence. While, to me, he appeared the Mentor of my son, he was decoying him into scenes of dissipation and vice; and while, to Marcelline, he seemed his friend and advocate, he magnified the poor fellow's real faults, and imputed to him duplicity and deliberate ingratitude. Incited by Winstead, Marcelline gamed deeply; and, on the brink of ruin, he confessed to me his losses, and entreated pardon and relief. I spurned him from me. He was stung to the heart. Winstead seized the favourable moment to aggravate his resentment and despair. He retired to his

own apartment, and inflicted on himself a mortal wound. I heard the report of the pistol, and flew to him. He survived a few hours. We passed them in mutual explanations, and mutual forgiveness. Thus did I trample under my feet the sweet flower that had shed a transient fragrance in my desolate path!

"I once again saw Winstead Clarence; I invoked curses on his head. I now most solemnly revoke those curses.

"As soon as I could adjust my affairs, I left the West Indies for ever, execrating them as the peculiar temple of that sordid divinity, on whose altar, from their discovery to the present day, whatever is most precious, youth, health, and virtue, have been sacrificed.

"My brother was dead; but Winstead Clarence had returned to England: and I abjured my native land, and came to the United States, where I was soon known to be a man of great riches, and precarious health. I was, or fancied myself to be, the object of sordid attentions, a natural prey to be hunted down by mean spirits. My

petulance was patiently endured; my misanthropy forgiven: I was told I was too young to abandon the thoughts of marriage; and scores of discreet widows and estimable maidens were commended to my favour. Literary institutions were recommended to my patronage, and emissaries from benevolent societies opened their channels to my meritorious gifts. Wearied with solicitations, and disgusted with interested attentions, I determined to come to New York, where I was yet unknown.

"Scorning the consequence of wealth, and indifferent to its luxuries, I assumed the exterior of poverty; and, the better to secure my incognito, I hired a lodging at the old Dutch woman's, where I remained in unviolated solitude till my meeting with Frank stimulated once more to action that inextinguishable thirst of happiness, which can alone be obtained through the ministry of the affections. Frank's striking resemblance to you at the period when I lost you, revived my parental love—a deathless affection. He seemed to me an angel moving on the troubled waters of

my life. I sedulously concealed my real condition from him, even after I had determined to bestow on him the perilous gift of my fortune. I distrusted myself — I dreaded awaking those horrid jealousies that had embittered my life—I wished to be sure that he loved me for myself alone.

"You may now conceive my emotion when I discovered that my son lived—was near me—was the father of Frank Carroll —when you saved me from being sent to the alms-house, an accident to which I had exposed myself by my carelessness in not preparing for the exigency that occurred. But you cannot comprehend—who can but He, who breathed into me this sentient spirit, who knows the whole train of events that have borne it to the brink of eternal ruin—who but He, the All-Seeing One, can comprehend my feelings when I found myself beneath my child's roof: when I found what I believed did not exist—a disinterested man, and him my son! when I received disinterested kindness, and from my children!

"Forgive me, my son, for so long concealing the truth from you; it was not

merely to strengthen my convictions of your worth; but I deferred emotions that I doubted my strength to endure. When I am gone, you will find yourself the heir of a rich inheritance; it may make you a more useful—I fear it will not a happier man.

"In my wrongs and sufferings, my son, you must find the solution, I do not say the expiation, of my doubts of an overruling Providence—my disbelief of the immortality of that nature which seemed to me abandoned to contend with the elements of sin and suffering, finally to be wrecked on a shoreless ocean. Believe me, human life, without religious faith, *is* a deep mystery.

"But, my dear father," said Mr. Carroll, "you have now the light of that faith; you now look back on the dark passages of life without distrust, and forward with hope?"

"Yes, yes, my son; my griefs had their appointed mission; the furnace was kindled to purify; it was my sin if it consumed. But how shall I express my sense of that mercy that guided me to this hour of peace and joy, by those dark passages through which I blindly blundered! My son, there

is an exaltation of feeling in this full trust, this tranquil resignation, this deep gratitude, that bears to the depths of my soul the assurance of immortality. I now for the first time feel a capacity of happiness, over which death has no power—it is itself immortal life, and I long to pass the boundaries of that world whence these glorious intimations come.

"My beloved son, do not wish to protract my exhausted being. I should but linger, not live; to-morrow, if I am permitted to survive till then, I will press your children to my bosom and give them my farewell blessing. Kneel by me, my son, and let us send up together an offering of faith and thanksgiving to God."

During the following evening, Mr. Carroll communicated the secret to Dr. Eustace and his family. The doctor commended his prudence in so long withholding it, sympathized with his sorrow, and congratulated him on his prospects. Mr. Carroll shrunk from his congratulations. The wealth that had been attended by such misery to Mr. Flavel, and must come to him by the death

of his parent, seemed to him a doubtful good.

Nothing could be more confused than Mrs. Carroll's sensations. She was half resentful that the precious secret had so long been detained from her; and quite overjoyed to find it what it was. She was afraid some attention to Mr. Flavel might have been omitted, and from the first he had appeared to her such an interesting person!—such a perfect gentleman!—and then there was a deep, unhinted feeling of relief at finding out at last that her husband—her dear husband, was of genteel extraction.

From his children Mr. Carroll received the solace of true sympathy. "Is Mr. Flavel our grandfather," said Gertrude, "and must he die?" Frank remained constantly in a closet adjoining the sick room, listening and looking, when he might look, without being perceived. Doctor Eustace made his morning visit at an earlier hour than usual. He found his patient had declined so rapidly during the night, that life was nearly extinct.

"Tell me truly, my good friend," he said

to the doctor, "how long you think I may live."

"Your life is fast ebbing, my dear sir."

"Then, my son, call your wife and children: let me call them mine before I die."

They were summoned, and came immediately. Mrs. Carroll's heart was really touched; she said nothing, but knelt at the bed-side. The children did not restrain their sorrow; Frank sprang on the bed, kissed Mr. Flavel's cheek, and poured his tears over it. Mr. Carroll would have removed him, but his father signed to him to let him remain. "Frank, my sweet child," he said, "God sent you to me; you saved me from dying alone, unknown, and in ignorance of my treasures—you brought me to my long-lost son!"

Here Conolly, the Irish nurse, who was sitting behind Mr. Flavel supporting him in an upright position, gave involuntary expression to his pleasure at the solution of the riddle that had wrought his curiosity to the highest pitch. "Sure," he said, "and it's what I thought, he's his own son's father, sure is he!"

This exclamation was unheeded by the parties in the strong excitement of the moment, but afterwards they had ample reason to recall it.

"My children, my children;" continued Mr. Flavel, "live to God; I have lived without Him; the world has been a desert to me; I die with the hope of his forgiveness; God bless you, my children; kiss me, my son; where are you Frank? I see you, farewell!" His voice had become fainter at every sentence, and died away at the last word. Still his eye, bright and intelligent, dwelt on his son, till, after a few moments, he closed it for ever.

A deep silence ensued; Mr. Carroll remained kneeling beside his father; his eyes were raised, and his lips quivering. But who can give utterance to the thoughts that crowd on the mind at the death of the beloved;—when aching memory flashes her light over the past, and faith pours on the soul her glorious revelations; when the spirit from its high station surveys and feels the whole of human destiny!

CHAPTER VI.

"That there is falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny:
They say their master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie."—BURNS.

"AT this moment I must think for you," said Dr. Eustace to Mr. Carroll, after the family had withdrawn from the chamber of death; "of course you will wish to avoid for the present the public disclosure of the circumstance recently developed?"

"Certainly."

"Then lay what restrictions you please on Mrs. Carroll and the children: I will take care that Conolly does not gossip." Accordingly the funeral rites were performed in a private and quiet manner. The clergyman, and the few necessary assistants were

struck with the grief of the family being disproportioned to the event; 'but,' said they, 'death is always an affecting circumstance, and the Carrolls are tender-hearted.'

On the morning after the funeral, Mrs. Carroll was washing the breakfast things, her head busy with various thoughts. To some she gave utterance, and suppressed others, pretty much after the following manner: "Charles, my dear, I think we had best give Conolly Mr. Flavel's—la! how can I always forget?—our dear father's clothes; I believe it is customary in England for people of fortune to do so."

"Give Conolly what consideration you please, Sarah, but leave my father's personal effects undisturbed."

Mrs. Carroll nodded assent. "I do wonder," she continued, "what cousin Anne will say now:—she did ridicule our taking in a *pauper*, as she called him, beyond every thing"—(then to herself,) "I did keep it as secret as possible; but we shall be rewarded openly! what a mercy Charles never suspected his riches; if he had, he would just have sent him to lodgings;" (aloud,) "Only

think, dear, the children the other day in Mr. Flavel's—how can I!—our father's room, asked me to send them to a dancing school; I told them I could not afford it; he smiled, I little thought for what—dear souls! they shall go now as soon as it is proper"—(to herself,) "*can't afford it*—thank heaven, I have done for ever with that hateful, vulgar phrase;" (aloud) "By the way, Charles, I saw in the Evening Post, that the Roscoes' house is to be sold next week; it would just suit us."

"The Roscoes' house; my dear wife, the Roscoes have been my best, at one time, my only friends; I could not be happy where I should be continually reminded of their reverse of fortune."

"Oh, well; I do not care about that house in particular; there are others that would suit me quite as well; but I hope you will attend to it at once; this house is so excessively small and inconvenient." Mr. Carroll assured his wife that she must suppress her new-born sensibility to the discomforts of her dwelling; "for his part," he said, "he had no heart for immediate change.

His mind was occupied with sad reflections, softened, he trusted, by gratitude for singular mercies. Besides, it was necessary, and he rejoiced it was so, before he could receive any portion of his father's property, that his claim to it should be admitted in England, where it was vested; he wished, therefore, that Mrs. Carroll would not at present make the slightest variation in their mode of life. She submitted, but not without betraying her reluctance, by saying, she wondered what forms of business were for; they were too provoking, too stupid, and so utterly unnecessary!

Mr. Carroll made no farther secret of the change in his prospects. He assumed the name of Clarence, and forwarded the necessary documents to England. In other respects he kept on the even tenor of his way.

About six months after, a certain John Rider, Esq., a lawyer better known for his professional success in the mayor's court than for his distinction before any higher tribunal, joined a knot of Irishmen who were hovering round a grocery-door, and earnestly debating some question that had

kindled their combustible passions. It appeared they were at the moment particularly jealous of the interference of an officer of the law, for one and all darted at him looks of impatient inquiry and fierce defiance. The leader of the gang advanced with a half articulated curse. He was pulled back by one of his companions. "Be civil, man," he said, "it's his honor, Lawyer Rider; he'll ne'er be the one to scald his mouth with other folks' broth."

"Ah, Conolly, is that you?"

"Indeed is it, your honour; was it me your honour was wanting?"

"Yes; I have been to your house, and Biddy told me I should probably find you here."

"And what was she for sending your honor to the grocer's? She might better have guided you any way else to find me."

"To seek you, may be, Conolly, but not to find you."

"Ah, your honor's caught me there; but I'll tache the old woman."

Rider perceived from Conolly's flushed cheek, that he was in a humor to demon-

strate some domestic problems that might not be agreeable to a spectator, and therefore, instead of accompanying him to his own room, to transact some private business he had with him, he proposed to him to walk up the street. Conolly assented, saying to his companions as he left them, "Stay a bit, lads, and I'll spake to Lawyer Rider about it."

"About what is that, Conolly?"

"Is it that your honor has not heard about Jemmy McBride and Dr. Eustace?" The doctor's name was followed by an imprecation that expressed but too plainly, 'Jemmy and the whole Irish nation versus the doctor.'

"I have heard something of this unlucky affair, but you may tell me more, Conolly."

"Indeed can I; for wasn't I there while his knife was yet red with the blood of him? and wasn't Jem my father's own brother's son?"

"But Conolly, you do not believe the doctor had any thing to do with McBride's death?"

"That I do not say. But I believe, by

my soul I do! the doctors have more to do with death than life, the heretics in particular, saving your honour's presence. Any way, Jemmy McBride died in his hands, and the very time he had said the poor fellow was mending; but that was all to keep the priest away. Never a confession did Jem make; never a bit prayer was said over him, nor the holy sign put on him; nor, Mr. Rider, as true as my name's Pat Conolly, was there a light lighted for his soul to pass by. The next night the doctor told Jemmy's wife, a poor innocent cratur that knew no better, that he was going to examine the body to look after the disease a bit; and so she, God forgive her, gives him a light, and he goes in the room and makes fast the door. But you see, the old woman, Jem's wife's mother, looked through the key-hole, and she saw him at his devil's work, and she ran, wild like, to the neighbours, and there were a dozen of us at Roy McPhelan's, that were thinking to keep poor Jemmy's wake that night, and we made a rush of it, and forced the door, and there stood he over poor Jem,

and such cutting and slashing, och! my heart bleeds to think of it; indeed does it, and poor Jemmy's soul tormented the while; for it's sure, your honour, his soul was there looking on his body handled that way by a heretic. Roy seized his knife, and would have had the life of him, but Jem's wife set up such a howling, and she held Roy's arm, and made us all stand back while she said the doctor had shown kindness to her and hers, and we should first kill her before a hair of him should be the worse for it. And then he calls to me and he says, 'Conolly,'—for he knew me, it's six months past, when I was nurse to one Flavel,—and he says, 'Conolly, my friend,' (the devil a bit friend to the like of him!) 'Conolly,' he says, 'you'll get yourselves into trouble at this mad rate. Go, like honest men, and make your complaint of me, and let the law take its course.' And there was one McInster among us, who is but half an Irishman,—for his grandmother was full Scotch, and he's always for keeping the sword in the scabbard,—and he would be for persuading us to the law;

and while we were all giving our advice, in a breath, like, Jemmy's wife whips the doctor through a side door, down a back passage; and once at the street-door, he made a bird's flight of it. But we'll have our revenge. A hundred oaths are sworn to it."

"Don't be rash, Conolly. Have you consulted a lawyer?"

"That have we, Mr. Rider, and he says there's no law for us; and sure it is the laws are made for cowards, and we'll stand by ourselves."

"Listen to my advice, Conolly, you know I am a friend to the Irish—you know how hard I worked for you all in Billy McGill's business."

"Ay, your honor, sure you did make black white there. Did not I say you was a lawyer every hair of you?"

Rider was compelled to swallow Conolly's compliment, equivocal as it was, and he replied, "I do indeed know something of the law, and, believe me, it will be the worse for you all if you take any violent measures. The doctor, though a young man, is well known, and has many friends in the city.

That Mr. Carroll or Clarence as he calls himself, at whose house you first knew him, is ready to uphold him in every thing. You have not heard, perhaps, Conolly, that the old man you nursed left a grand fortune?"

"Lord help us! no. I have been out of the city ever since the old gentleman's funeral, till Easter Sunday, the very day poor Jemmy died."

"I suppose you know that this Carroll claims to be son to the old gentleman?"

"Ay, sure, did not I hear him with my own ears call him so?"

"Just state to me, Conolly, precisely what you recollect about this matter."

"Some other time, your honor; the fellows are waiting for me now."

"Heaven and earth, man! you must not put it off; it's a matter of the first importance, and here's something to make all right with your friends."

Conolly pocketed the douceur, smirking, and saying, "Sure I'll do my best to pleasure you, Mr. Rider; but my head's all in a snarl with Jemmy and this d——d doctor."

"Begin, and you will soon get it clear—you were some time at Carroll's?"

"That was I, and for a time it was all plain sailing, though the old gentleman used to mutter so in his sleep, and look at Mr. Carroll so through and through, like, that I thought there was more on his mind than we know of; and, I was sure from the first he was no poor body, for he had the ways of a gentleman entirely, and you know they are as different as fish and flesh."

"Yes, yes, Conolly, go on, we all know he was a gentleman."

"And you know too, may be, that he had epileptics. Well one day after they had a long nonsense talk about riches, Mr. Carroll sent us all out of the room to stay till he rung; and sure he did ring, distracted like; when we came into the room, the old gentleman was in fits, and Mr. Carroll was not much better; and from that time he was an altered man; he had been kind before, but now it was quite entirely a different thing. It was plain, his life was bound up in the old gentleman's. I had nothing worth speaking of to do any more: he gave

him all his medicines, and his eyes was never off him day or night, and they would often be alone together. I had my own thoughts, for there was something in their looks, I need not describe it to ye, Mr. Rider, for if you've had either father or son you know what it is."

For an instant the current of Rider's feelings turned; it was but an instant, and he said, "Yes, I understand you, go on."

"I have not far to go, for the fire burned too bright to burn long. It was but two or three days after that he found himself to be just on the launch, and he told Mr. Carroll to call in the family, and then it all came out just as I expected, your honor. He called them all his children, and Mr. Carroll 'my son' again and again, and talked to the child, that's Frank Carroll, about being his grandfather. I could tell you just the words if you please."

"No, they are of no consequence."

"Then, your honor, there's not much more to tell. They all cried of course you know, and I cried too, and that's what I have not done before since I quitted home.

He spoke but few words, but they were rightly said as if he'd had them from the priest's lips, and then he just sunk away like an infant falling asleep."—Rider hesitated for a few moments; Conolly's statement was particularly hostile to his wishes, and the course to be pursued required some deliberation. "These epileptic fits," he said, "are very apt to derange the mind—the doctors tell me they always weaken it."

"Sure they lie then;" (and here followed an execration of the whole faculty); "I've seen men die, many a one, both at home and here in America, and never did I see one behave himself to the very last, in a more discreet, regular, gentale-like manner, than this Mr. Flavel; I don't know how he lived, but he died like a gentleman, any way."

"I must strike another key," thought Rider. "Conolly, he said, "it is not worth while to dillydally about this matter any longer; I know I may confide in you. This Mr. Flavel, or rather Clarence, had an own brother's son in England, whom he hated, and had wronged. If he died without children, and without a will, his nephew would,

of course, be his natural heir. Now, is it not possible, that, feeling very grateful to this Carroll, he might consent to pass him off for his son; just to call him so, you know?"

"No, no, Mr. Rider; he did not die like a man that was going off with a lie in his mouth."

"Perhaps you don't consider the whole, Conolly; it was an innocent deceit—stop, hear me out—Carroll, who, besides getting the fortune, would gladly wipe off the disgrace of having been an alm-house slip, might beguile him on: Eustace combined with him, at least I suspect so, and," he added, cautiously looking about him, "if he keeps the fortune, one thing is sure, the doctor will have a good slice of it; he will swear, through thick and thin, every thing Carroll wants."

"Och! the villain! what will he swear?"

"That the man was of perfect and sound mind. Conolly, this is a hard case and we must try every expedient—every way to get justice done; now if you will stand by us—my client is generous, and he has authorized

me to spare neither pains nor money to get witnesses for him—name a particular sum, my good fellow."

"For what? tell me what I am to do, just."

"Why, in the first place, you are to right your cause with this doctor; he's more than suspected already of leaguing with Carroll, and if your testimony goes against his, he can't live in the city."

"Ah; that would pleasure me!"

"And if three or four hundred dollars?"—

"Three or four! *four!* I have one hundred already, and that would just make up the sum, and fetch them all over; the old man, and Peggy, and Roy, and Davy, and Pat, and just set them down gentalely in New York—but tell me how deep in it is you want me to go?"

"That we must consider; if we could prove the old gentleman was not in his right mind"—

"No, no, Mr. Rider, I would not like that; it's ill luck dishonoring the dead that way."

Rider, like a careful angler, had prepared

various baits for his hook. One refused, he tried another. "Well, my good fellow, if you cannot on your conscience say that you think the old gentleman was a little out, may you not have been mistaken in thinking you heard those words, grandfather, son, father? hey, Conolly?"

"You mane, Mr. Rider," said Conolly with an indescribable leer, "whether I can't quite entirely forget them; that is to say, swear I never heard them at all?"

Rider, hardened as he was, felt his cheeks tingle at this sudden and clear exposition of his meaning: "Why, Conolly, on my honor," he said, "I believe that my client has the right of the case, and we are sometimes forced, you know, to go a crooked path to get to the right spot. Those words might have dropped from the old man accidentally, just as he was going out of the world, and then Carroll and the doctor between them might have contrived the rest. The doctor is as cunning as the devil himself; you know how he hoodwinked your cousin's wife—a scandalous affair that was —and yet I don't know how you are to

right yourselves; we have no law for you, Conolly, and you know our people don't like club-law."

"D—n the law; the law was made for villains; I beg your pardon, Mr. Rider. Its true I can't sleep till we're revenged on the doctor:—four hundred dollars ye say, Mr. Rider? It would be heaven's mercy to the poor souls that's starving at home. What is it ye'll have me forget?" Conolly's conscience had by this time become as confused as his mind. The opportunity of gratifying his resentments against the doctor, and of obtaining the means of bringing to this land of plenty, this full sheaf, his lean and famished brethren at home, overpowered his weak principles, and his real good feeling, and he listened to Rider's lucid and impressive instructions in relation to the testimony he was to deliver, with strict attention and with reiterated promises to abide by them. Rider did not forget to make Conolly fully sensible of the importance of keeping the purport of their interview a profound secret, and then, giving him a farther earnest of future favors, he

bade him good night. As Conolly's 'God bless his honor,' and 'long life to him,' died away on the lawyer's ear, he was entering a plea in arrest of judgment before the tribunal of conscience. 'After all, he thought, 'if I have saved Eustace's life from these violent devils, I have done more good than harm; another man might have let them gone on; certain it is, Eustace once out of the way, the property would have been ours;' his thoughts diverged a little—'ours?—yes, I may say *ours;* five thousand pounds if I gain it. One should work hard for such a fee!'

Mr. Rider's client had found a fit instrument to manage his cause; a most unworthy member of that profession which, from Cicero's day to our own times, has called forth the genius, the ardor, the self-sacrificing zeal of the noblest minds of every age.

CHAPTER VII.

"Are you good men and true?"
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

MR. CLARENCE, (we shall hereafter call this gentleman by his rightful name), as has been stated, transmitted to his deceased father's agents in England such documents as he deemed necessary to establish his claim. They were admitted as sufficient, and satisfactory, and the property, amounting to about ninety thousand pounds sterling, was transferred to his account, and transmitted to him.

Mr. Winstead Clarence was, at the same time, apprized of the death of his uncle, and of the fact that the property, which, in case of his uncle's death without a will, devolved on him as his nearest blood-re-

lative, was intercepted by an American, claiming to be Edmund Clarence's son. This, Mr. Winstead Clarence declared, and perhaps believed to be, an incredible story. His lawyer examined the papers, and was of opinion that the claim might be contested; but, as the ability of the English agents to respond for so large an amount of property was doubtful, he advised that the suit should be commenced against the pretended heir, and prosecuted in the American courts. Accordingly, Mr. Winstead Clarence wrote to John Rider, Esq., to institute a suit, and instructed him to rest its merits on the ground of collusion between Mr. Carroll and the doctor; and to procure *adequate testimony at any cost.* As a sort of insurance on the cause, he promised Rider, in case of success, five thousand pounds. He had formerly had some acquaintance with Rider in the West Indies, and had had occasion to admire the professional ingenuity with which he had there managed a very suspicious business.

Whatever confidence Rider might have had in his own talent, he was too well

aware of his questionable standing at the bar, to assume the exclusive conduct of the suit; he therefore associated with himself a counsellor of the highest reputation for integrity as well as talent; taking care, of course, in his statement of the case to this gentleman, to represent Conolly as a *bona fide* witness.

The facility with which lawyers persuade themselves of the righteousness of a cause in which they have embarked, is often alleged as a proof of the tendency of the profession to obscure a man's original perception of right and wrong. Perhaps no class of men have a deeper sense, or a more ardent love of justice; but they are of all men best acquainted with the uncertainty of human testimony, and most conversant with the dark phases of human character. In the case in question, the honorable counsellor was persuaded that Mr. Clarence had been guilty of deliberate villany. Had he not been so, nothing would have tempted him to attack and undermine, by the power of his eloquence, the

character of an innocent and high-minded man.

The cause produced a considerable sensation. It not only involved a large amount of property, but the reputation of individuals who had been hitherto unquestioned. Mrs. Clarence's relationship with some of the most distinguished families in the city, was, at the dawn of her prosperity, remembered, and the cause became a topic in fashionable circles. The trial before one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, then holding the Sittings, was announced in the morning papers. At an early hour the court room was crowded to overflowing, and, notwithstanding the opinion of certain of our English friends, that the decorum of judicial proceedings can only be secured by the necromantic presence of gowns and wigs, the most silent and respectful attention was given to the proceedings. Mr. Clarence sustained himself through the whole cause with unvarying dignity. Nor even, when it assumed an unexpected and most threatening aspect, did

he manifest any emotion. His manly calmness contrasted well with the disinterested enthusiasm of a young friend, who never quitted his side during the trial. This youth, Gerald Roscoe, with the fervid feeling of fifteen, confident in his friend's right, and indignant that it should be contested or delayed, expressed his sentiments with the unreservedness natural to his age; sometimes by involuntary exclamation, and then as unequivocally by the flashings of two of the darkest and most brilliant eyes through which the soul ever spoke.

Rider's assistant counsel opened the cause for the plaintiff, and on his behalf appealed to the jury, as the natural guardians of the rights of a stranger, a foreigner, and an absent party. He then proceeded to state, that he rested the cause of his client on two points, which he expected to establish: first, that in default of heirs of the body, he was heir at law and next of kin to the late Edmund Clarence, Esquire, who had died intestate; and secondly, he pledged himself to prove fraud on the part of the defendant, in a collusion between him and his

witnesses, by which he had obtained possession of, and still illegally detained the property which by the verdict of the jury could alone be restored to the rightful claimant. He should state what he could support by adequate testimony if necessary, but what he presumed would not be controverted, viz: that the deceased, Edmund Clarence, after having resided in a sister city for some months, and his condition having been well known there, had come to the city of New York, where, for reasons irrelevant to the present case, he had assumed the name of Flavel, concealed his real consequence and fortune under the garb of poverty, and lived in mean and obscure lodgings: that during this time he had made an accidental acquaintance with the child of the defendant; that their acquaintance and intercourse had been watched and promoted by the defendant; that all this time Mr. Clarence's health was manifestly declining, under the encroachments of a most threatening malady; that during a frightful attack of this constitutional malady, he was removed to the house of the defendant,

still personally an utter stranger to him; that there, with seeming good reason, but certainly most unfortunately for the cause of his client, he was secluded from the observation of all but the family of the defendant, his family physician, (a most intimate friend), and a *male nurse:* that Mr. Clarence survived his removal to the house of the defendant about three weeks; that immediately after his decease, the defendant had forwarded to England documents containing evidence of his consanguinity and claim to the property of the deceased. The evidence of this newly discovered relationship was supported by a written declaration, assumed to have been wrested from a dying miser by Mr. Clarence, and by him given to the defendant — by the testimony of the child of the defendant—and by the dying declaration of Mr. Clarence, attested by Dr. Eustace.

He then proceeded to say he should rest the cause of his client on the powerful, and to him he must confess irresistible deduction from circumstances, and on the direct testimony of a single witness. This witness was the nurse to whom he had already alluded.

In the documents sent to England, no mention had been made of this man, though he presumed it would not be denied that he was present when the deceased gave utterance to those startling declarations, which Dr. Eustace had so fully vouched. This nurse had gone from the defendant's service to his own humble walk of life, and had never received any communication from the defendant; and had first heard of the present controversy when summoned by the plaintiff's counsel to appear as a witness on the trial. He therefore begged the gentlemen would listen attentively to his testimony, and would give it the weight it deserved, as coming from a man who could not possibly have any motive for disguising, or perverting, or withholding the truth.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Mr. Carroll, his counsel, and his friends, when Conolly was named as a witness on the part of the plaintiff; they exchanged looks of inquiry and alarm, and as Conolly brushed past them to take his station at the witness' stand, Dr. Eustace, who had a grudge against the whole nation, half ejaculated, "The d——d Irishman!" The words reached

Conolly's ear, and nerved his half-shrinking resolution; and once having girded on the battle-sword, he was determined, with true blood, to fight out the cause, right or wrong.

After some prefatory and unimportant interrogatories, the counsel for the plaintiff asked Conolly to state how he came into the service of the deceased Mr. Clarence. "You see, gentlemen," he said, "I was just leaving service next door to Mr. Carroll's, a big house it is, where they keep more servants than they pay; and so they were going to hold back my dues, and I thought to myself I could not go astray to take a bit of advice of Mr. Carroll; and said he to me, "Conolly, is it that you're going to leave the place?" Indeed, sir, and that am I not, said I, for I've left it already. And he seemed right glad of it, and said he'd a bit of a job for me—a sick man to nurse—and if I would come straight away to his house, he would spake to my employer, and he was a very fine gentleman, and sure he was he would pay me. 'Och! Mr. Carroll,' said I, 'it takes more nor a gentleman to know a gentleman. They don't scruple

showing their hands dirty to us servants—God forgive me, for myself calling me so here in America.' "

Conolly was interrupted, and told to go straight to the point. "Well, your honour, I did go straight to the gentleman's chamber; for gentleman I saw he was, and no poor body, with the first glance of my eye."

"How long did he live?

"Somewhere between three and four weeks, your honor; but that was nothing to signify, for Mr. Carroll paid me the full month's wages, like a free-hearted gentleman as he is, any way."

"How was Mr. Clarence treated by Mr Carroll and his family?"

"Trated, your honor! as a good subject would trate the king, or a good christian the Pope. He'd every thing that money could buy for him, and all that hands could do for him; and Mr. Carroll and his boy, that's Frank Carroll, were by his bed both day and night, sure were they."

"Did Mr. Clarence, a short time previously to his death, have a confidential, that is to say, a private conversation with Mr. Carroll?"

"Yes, your honor, that did he, and I don't belie him in saying so. It was just three days before he died, and the family had all been about him, and they'd had a flummery talk about riches, and Mr. Carroll spoke as if he cared nothing at all about them, and by the same token ye may know he's neither rich nor poor, for it's they that have got more than they want that set store by riches, and we that's poor that are tempted to sell our souls for them—God forgive us!"

"Spare your reflections, my good friend, and tell us what happened after this private conversation?"

"Well, your honor, when the bell rang distracted-like, we all ran up together; the poor old gentleman was in his fits again, and he'd been making a clean breast of it; and it seemed a heavy unloading he'd had—it had like to have brought him to his death struggle."

"But he revived, and was himself again after this?"

"Yes was he, but weak and death-like."

"Did you perceive any change in Mr. Carroll's manner?"

"That did we; as the doctor will remember—for he said to me, 'Conolly,' said he, 'I am afraid Mr. Carroll will go astray of his reason, for he's quite entirely an altered man: and so was he—his eye was down-cast, and his cheek flame-like, and I thought it was watching and wearying with the old gentleman, and I tried to get him to take rest, but not a word would he hear of it; he never left him for one minute day nor night, and for the most time kept us all clear of the room, till the morning the doctor told the old gentleman he'd but scant breathing-time left, and he asked to see the family, and especially the boy, that's Frank Carroll, to thank them for all their kindness to him; and they all came in, and the boy was on the bed by him and kissed the poor old gentleman and cried over him, and then he took the hand of each of them and he gave his blessing to each and all, and he says to me, 'God bless you Pat,' said he, and that was the last word he spoke. I think, your honor, he called me Pat for shortness' sake, and knowing it was all one to me; for when I first came to his

service, "Conolly" bothered him, and I told him if it plased him better, he might call me Pat Mc'Cormic, for Mc'Cormic was my father's name, and Pat my godfather gave me; but Mc'Cormic bothered him still worse than Conolly, and then I told him if it were asier, to call me 'Pat Ford,' for that was grandfather's name, that rared me, and the boys at home called me that just, and it's only since I came to America that I took the name of my mother's brother, which is Conolly."

Here Conolly was interrupted, and told that the court had no concern whatever with his cognomens.

Conolly's excursiveness was doubtless partly owing to his natural garrulity, but quite as much to his desire to get through his testimony as to the last scene with the least possible quantum of lying. He had a common superstitious feeling about the superior obligation to tell the truth of the dying, and he would have preferred traducing Mr Clarence's whole life to misrepresenting his death-bed.—In reply to some farther questions that were put to him, as

to Mr. Carroll's deportment after Clarence's death, he testified to his having been closeted a long time with the doctor.

The plaintiff's counsel then having signified with an air of complete satisfaction, and even triumph, that they had completed their examination, Mr. Carroll's counsel cross-examined the witness, acutely and ingeniously, but without eliciting the trüth. There was a strange mixture in Conolly's mind, of malignant resentment towards the doctor, and good will to Mr. Clarence ; of determination to secure the price of his falsehood, and of desire not to aggravate the injury he inflicted; a compound of good-heartedness and absence of all principle, and that mixture of simplicity and cunning, that characterizes his excitable and imaginative nation.

During his cross-examination he was questioned in relation to his exclamation when the fact of Mr. Clarence's relationship to the Carrolls first flashed across his mind. He denied it entirely; denied ever having heard a word indicating such a fact from any person whatever, till he was summoned to the trial.

Mr. Carroll's counsel then ably stated his grounds of defence, which, as they are already well known, it will not be necessary to recapitulate.

Doctor Eustace, as witness in behalf of the defendant, was next examined. His calm philosophic countenance strongly contrasted with the sanguine complexion, large open lips, low forehead, bushy hair, and little, keen, restless gray eye of Conolly, at another time would have commanded respect and confidence.

But now, watchful and distrustful eyes were fixed on him, and by some he was even regarded as deposing in his own cause. Next to the misery of conscious guilt, to a delicate mind, is the suffering of being suspected by honorable persons. Doctor Eustace was embarrassed; there was neither simplicity nor clearness in his testimony, and though he never contradicted himself, yet there was a want of directness, and of self-possession, that darkened the cloud gathering over him and his friend.

Frank' Carroll was the next witness offered in behalf of the defendant. His

face was the very mirror of truth. Her seal was stamped on his clear, open brow. His whole aspect was beautiful, artless, and engaging, and, after a single glance at him, the plaintiff's counsel objected to the admission of his testimony. He contended that a child of eleven years was too young to be disenthralled from his father's authority — certainly was too flexible a material to resist his influence—that he would be merely the passive medium of his dictations. His objections were strenuously opposed by the opposite counsel, and overruled by the court, and Frank was directed to take his station. He was intimidated by a discussion which he did not perfectly comprehend, and not aware of the import of his evidence to his father; therefore, occupied only with a wish to shrink from public notice, he entreated Mr. Clarence, so loud as to be overheard, to excuse him, and permit him to go home. His father endeavoured to inspirit him, but finding his efforts ineffectual, he sternly bade him go to the assigned stand. He obeyed with trembling and hesitation.

After a few unimportant preliminary ques-

tions, to which he replied in scarcely audible monosyllables, he was asked to state all that he could recollect of Mr. Clarence's death-bed scene. It required far more presence of mind to tell a story than to answer questions. Poor Frank was abashed. His manly spirit quailed; he tried to gather courage; he looked up and looked around; every eye was fixed on him, and it seemed to him as if every man were an Argus. His lips quivered, his crimsoned cheeks deepened to fever heat, and when the judge in a voice of solemn authority bade him proceed, he burst into tears.

His father now interposed, and sternly commanded him to speak. The voice of his offended father was more terrible than even the eyes and ears of the staring and listening crowd, and he at last told his story, but with downcast eyes, hesitation, and blundering.

He was asked to relate all he remembered of Mr. Clarence's visit to the miser's room, when he (Frank) was with him. He did so; but he could not be sure of any particulars. He was sure Mr. Clarence was very much

agitated; but, when cross-examined, he was not at all sure but it might have been the expression of sympathy at the extreme misery of the famished, dying old man.. He thought he recollected Mr. Clarence pronouncing the name of Savil; but, on the cross-examination, he was not sure he had not first heard that name from his father. On the whole his testimony appeared, even to Mr. Carroll's firmest friends, confused and suspicious. A fatality seemed to attend his cause. When it was opened, there was not, on the part of the defendant's friends, a doubt of its favourable issue; but the most confident among them now began to fear the result, and many there were who secretly asked themselves if it were not possible they had been deceived in him. His counsel, in this threatening position of affairs, offered to bring forward any number of witnesses to the hitherto unimpeached integrity of his, and Dr. Eustace's character. The plaintiff's counsel said they would concede that point to the fullest extent it could be required.

Nothing then remained but to present before the court the miser's manuscript.

This was objected to as an isolated, unattested document, and, of course, null and impotent in the present cause. The judge, however, remarked that it might throw some light on the impeached testimony of the defendant's witnesses, and he overruled the objections of the plaintiff's counsel.

The document was accordingly read as follows: "I, Guy Seymour, formerly of England, since an inhabitant of Jamaica, and now of the city of New York, United States, do declare that this writing contains the truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. Twenty-seven years ago this 5th day of August, A.D. 181—, I was sent from the island of Jamaica by Edmund Clarence, Esq. with the sum of ten thousand dollars, which by me was to be remitted to England, and with his only son, Charles Clarence, who was sent on the voyage for the benefit of his health. The devil tempted me to abscond with the money. I took the child too to guard against discovery. I left the vessel in which I had embarked in the evening,

hoping I should not be missed till it was at sea, and they would believe I had returned to shore with my charge. I got on board an American vessel. When I arrived in New York, I heard the English vessel was lost. Therefore no inquiry was made about me. I put the child to a decent lodging. The woman imposed on me, and made me pay a cruel price for his board, charges for washing besides. On the 25th day of the following January, being A.D. 181—, I took him to the city alms-house. He was then five years old. I marked his age and the name I had given him, Charles Carroll, on a card, and sewed it to his sleeve. I did not lose sight of the boy. One year after, he was taken from the alms-house by one Roscoe, and has since got well up in the world. I now declare, that when I die he shall be heir to all I possess: eight thousand dollars in my strong box, besides one half-jo, one Spanish dollar, three English pennies, and a silver sixpence, all contained in my knit purse, which my grandmother (a saving body she was, God bless her!) knitted for me when I was eight

years old. When she gave it to me, 'Johnny, son'y,' said she, 'mind ye well these words I have knit into your purse, and ye'll live to be a rich man.' The words are there yet, 'a penny saved is a penny gained,"—betimes I think the devil branded them on my soul. I put my ten thousand dollars in different banks and insurance companies. They all failed! I lost all! all but my luck-penny, my silver sixpence. What I have now, I've earned, and I've saved all I earned. I have always meant it should go to Mr. Clarence's son when I am dead and gone; and I pray he may prove no spendthrift of my hard-gotten gains. All I have got now I've come by honestly. I never was guilty of but the one crime, and I was sore—sore tempted. It is my intention, before I die, to employ an attorney to draw my will; but it's a great cost, and for fear of accidents, I have written this paper, and hereunto I put my name and seal.

"John Savil.

"August 5th, 181—."

All the evidence in the case was now before the court. The defendant's counsel rose to sum up. He contended that the evidence, on the part of his client, deemed sufficient in England, where it was necessary to overcome the universal and strong feeling against alienating property, still remained in full force. He insisted that it was overthrowing the basis of human confidence, to withdraw their faith from men of the age and unimpeached integrity of his client and his witnesses, and transfer it to an ignorant unprincipled foreigner, who had no name and no stake in society. There were thousands of such men in the city; they could be picked up any where, from the swarms about the cathedral, to the dens of Catherine-lane; men who, for a few dollars or *shillings*, would swear whatever pleased their purchasers. Were the property and reputation of our best citizens to be put in jeopardy by such testimony? 'One of the plaintiff's counsel,' (and he glanced his eye with honest scorn at Rider), 'was a man familiar with the

use of such instruments; he had been long suspected of practices which should exile him from the society of honest men, which should banish him from this honorable tribunal, and that by their own official sentence.' The counsel was interrupted, and reminded that such vituperation was irrelevant and not admissible.

He contended that it was in order, and a necessary defence against a secret and criminal proceeding, which could only be exposed by unmasking the true character of the chief agent, who had sheltered himself from suspicion behind the unspotted shield of his able and upright associate. Testimony brought forward under the auspices of this gentleman would receive a false value. Advantage had been taken of his client's conscious integrity, and his just confidence in the sufficiency of the testimony he had adduced to support his cause. Conolly was absent from the city at the time his client prepared the documents to be sent to England, and, deeming his testimony superfluous, he had taken no pains to obtain it. For the same reason, and because he

had not before adduced it, he had omitted to bring him forward on the present occasion. His client had been betrayed by his confidence in the truth of his cause. He had not anticipated that the instrument he thought worthless could be whetted to his destruction; he would not believe it could be so; it would recoil from the armour of honesty, the 'panoply divine,' in which his client was encased. There had been a dark conspiracy to defraud and ruin, but 'even-handed justice' would return the ingredients of the poisoned chalice, to the lips that had dictated, and had borne false witness. He declared that the evidence for his client, (which he luminously and forcibly recapitulated,) could not be overthrown by a thousand such witnesses as Conolly. He begged that the jury would not permit their minds to be warped by the train of singular circumstances that had led his client to the discovery of his parent. He admitted they had been correctly stated by the opposing counsel; but what then? was not the remark as true as it was trite, that the romace of real life exceeded the

most ingenious contrivances of fiction? Who should prescribe, who should limit the mysterious modes by which Providence brought to light the secret iniquities of men? He intreated that gentlemen would allow due weight to that circumstance which ought to govern their decision— the character of his client. The opposite counsel, coerced by his own sense of justice, had paid it involuntary tribute, when he conceded all testimony on that point to be superfluous. The same just homage had been rendered to the witness, Doctor Eustace, a man of whom he might say what had once been as truly said of the political integrity of an honorable citizen: 'The king of England was not rich enough to buy him.' He then adverted to the testimony of the child, and asked if it were credible that the father should be the corrupter of his son — the destroyer of his innocence?

All these and other arguments were urged at length, and so ably, that when the counsel finished, the current seemed to have set in Mr. Carroll's favor. Animated whispers

of encouragement were heard from his friends, and Rider, who had hitherto been forward and officious, was quite silent and crest-fallen, and slunk away as far as possible from observation.

The counsel for the plaintiff now rose to make his closing argument. He began by expressing his deep and unaffected regret that he must be the instrument of justice in exposing to dishonor and scorn the character of two gentlemen who had been held in esteem by the community. It had become his painful duty to array circumstances in such a light that it could no longer be doubted that the defendant's integrity had been too deeply infected with human infirmity to resist the solicitations of temptation—temptation double-faced, alluring him with offers of fortune, and of rank.

"It might seem strange—it was most strange that man should barter virtue for money. But had not this base instrument slain its thousands and its tens of thousands? He would refer those who questioned whether it were of all agents most powerful in vanquishing human virtue, to the daily oc-

currences of their commercial city, to the records of their courts, to their own observation, to the page of history, to its darkest, most affecting page—the story of the thirty pieces of silver!

He would not magnify the crime it was his duty to unveil. He wished that all the indulgence might be extended to the defendant which human frailty claimed; for the sins of our common nature should be viewed in sorrow rather than in anger.

He should endeavour to show how the unhappy man had been led astray; how temptation had at first suggested but a slight departure from the straight path; but *that* once left, how her victim had been darkened, entangled, and lost.

He adverted to Frank Carroll's first accidental meeting with the deceased. He dwelt on his father's not only having permitted, but encouraged the child's intercourse with the repulsive stranger.

Subsequently, when he was seized with a frightful disease, and apparently near death, the defendant, instead of suffering him to receive relief through the appropriate and

adequate channels of public charity—or, even like a Howard or a man of Ross, maintaining him in a private lodging suited to his apparently humble condition—had removed him to his own house, placed him, not in some attic room, or homely apartment suited to a mendicant, but in the best apartment of his house, with a nurse, an expensive male nurse, especially provided for him, and the luxury of medical attendance twice and thrice a day. It must be remembered that the defendant was a man, not of wasteful, nor even of free expenditure, but of very limited means, and living carefully within his means. It had not been pretended that the defendant had been led on by the mysterious instinct of nature—no, the circumstances remained unexplained, unadverted to by the defendant's sagacious counsel. Where then was the key to this extraordinary, this romantic charity? Was it not possible that the defendant was previously acquainted with the real condition of his pensionary? His person was well known in a sister-city —his immense wealth and peculiarities had been a topic of common conversation there.

The supposition that the defendant was in possession of this knowledge, and kept it secret, furnished a complete, and the only solution to the riddle. He saw a lone old man, on the verge of life, divorced from his species, without apparent heirs. Why should he not take innocent measures to attract his notice, and secure his favour?

It certainly was not an unnatural nor extravagant hope, that the old man's will, made under the impression of recent kindness, should render an equivalent for that kindness. Thus far the defendant's fraud was not of a deep dye, and probably would not offend against the standard of most men's virtue.

> "The instruments of darkness
> Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
> In deepest consequence."

It is a presumptuous self-confidence that hopes to set limits to an abberration from the strict rule of integrity. Had a voice of prophecy disclosed the dark future to the still innocent man, would he not have shrunk with horror from the revelation? But

temptation, fit opportunity, convenient time, assailed him, and he fell!

He now begged the particular attention of the jury to a most important circumstance in the testimony, the private interview which occurred between the defendant and the deceased, three days before his death.

The late Mr. Clarence, as the defendant's counsel had admitted, disclosed to him then the particulars of his life. The effort of recalling past events, and living over far-gone griefs, brought on a recurrence of his disease.

He had revealed, among other events of a clouded life, one which naturally struck the imagination of the defendant.

The old man, seven and twenty years before, had lost a child at sea. The defendant, about the same time, had been abandoned at the gate of our city alms-house!

He did not allude to the circumstance as a reproach to the defendant. He did not unnecessarily present it before the public; but he would ask what feeling was more natural, more universal, than a desire of honourable parentage? He could almost for-

give the defendant for grasping an opportunity to wash this stain from his family escutcheon. His family escutcheon ! alas, it was a blank ! He dated his existence from the moment when, a deserted, shivering, half-starved, half-clad child, he was received under the shelter of public charity !

Is it strange that the project being once conceived by evil inspiration, of ingrafting himself on the stock of an honourable family, his invention should have been quickened to fertility in producing and maturing the means ? The old miser's singular and solitary death was remembered. The documents in question might be forged ; who should disprove its authenticity ? It might be pretended that it was received through the hands of the deceased Mr. Clarence !

Still it was an unattested and insufficient document ; and other testimony must be provided— where was it to be obtained ? Where !—Did the enemy of our souls ever fail to present fit agents to execute a plotted mischief ?

He would only remind the jury of the protracted and secret interview between the

defendant and the physician, immediately after Mr. Clarence's death.

He could not raise the protecting curtain of secresy; he could not paint the first shrinking of the confederate—he could not calculate the amount of the bribe—it had been enough for the price of integrity, but not enough to stifle the voice of conscience, as they had all witnessed in the consequences of her violated law, the blundering and confusion of the testimony given by a man, on all ordinary occasions, clear-headed and self-possessed. Much had been said by the opposite counsel on the superior claims of this medical gentleman to their confidence, over the humble witness of his client. Did he hear this argument brought forward in a country of boasted equal rights? A new privileged class! a new aristocracy was this! that was to monopolize esteem and confidence, and to disqualify and disfranchise the poor and humble. Thank God, truth and virtue grow most sturdily in the lowly bosom of humility! The opposite counsel had adopted a plausible explanation of what he no doubt felt to be a very suspi-

cious circumstance—the neglect of the defendant to take the testimony of Conolly. He would suggest the obvious explanation; it had probably already occurred to them. The defendant had not anticipated a legal investigation in this country. He had calculated wisely the amount of proof necessary for the agents in England. It was certainly prudent to have as few instruments as possible in a conspiracy of this dark nature. Conolly, as was apparent, was of that frank, sociable, communicative disposition, which characterizes his amiable nation. If it had been possible to corrupt him, he might, in some convivial moment, disclose a secret which neither involved his fortune nor reputation. Fortune, poor fellow! he had none; and reputation, alas! it had been seen at what rate the reputation of a poor Irishman was valued.

He begged the jury would not be misled by the relative standing of the witnesses, but in their verdict would imitate that holy tribunal, that was "no respecter of persons."

He had now come to the last point of

the evidence. He would willingly pass it over; he would, for humanity's sake, efface it from their memories. But his duty to his client forbade this exercise of mercy. He need not tell them he alluded to the testimony of the child. Surely the unhappy father must have stifled the voice of nature —must have "stopp'd up the access and passage to remorse," before he practised on this innocent boy — before he effaced or blotted the handwriting of the Creator, still fresh on his beautiful work. But he had not effaced it. All had witnessed the struggles of Heaven and truth in that little heart against falsehood, fear, and authority. All had seen him yield at last with tears and sobbings to the stern parental command.

He begged the jury would mark by what apparently feeble instruments Heaven had thwarted a well-contrived plot; and finally, he resigned the cause to them, confident, that guided by the light which Providence had thrown across their path, their verdict would establish his client's right.

We have given an imperfect abstract of a powerful argument, but, inadequate as it is, it

may show how ably men may reason on false premises; how honestly good men may pervert public opinion; and how hard it is to adjust the balance of human judgment.

The Judge then proceeded to charge the jury. He told them that the question before them was one of fact, to be decided by them alone; that they must perceive that the testimony of the Irishman was utterly irreconcileable with the truth of the defendant's witnesses. It was for them to estimate the credibility of his apparently honest testimony. A great array of circumstances, favourable to the plaintiff's claim, had been presented before them. It was for them to decide what weight should be allowed to them. On the other hand, they must determine how much consideration should be accorded to the hitherto unassailed reputation of the defendant and his witnesses. Their good faith established, the defendant's right to the property was incontestible. Thus he dismissed them with the unadjusted balance in their hands; and the court was adjourned to the following morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Dead! art thou dead? alack! my child is dead;
And with my child, my joys are buried!"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

MR. CLARENCE returned to his home at a late hour in the afternoon, in a state of mind in which there was nothing to be envied but a consciousness of rectitude. For six months his righteous claim had been suspended, and by the interposition of Winstead Clarence, that man, who, of all the world ought not to have profited by the fortune of his injured relative; and now, when Mr. Clarence had flattered himself that all uncertainty was about to end, his reputation had become involved with his fortune, and both were in jeopardy. He had never coveted riches; neither his day nor his night dreams

had been visited with the sordid vision of wealth. He had had the good sense and firmness never to attempt to conceal, or forget, or cause to be forgotten, the degraded condition of his childhood; and he now thought there was a species of injustice, a peculiar hardship in his suffering the reproach and consequences of these vulgar passions and disquietudes. It was true, that since he had known himself to be the heir of wealth, the exemptions and privileges of fortune had obtained a new value in his eyes. His usual occupations and pleasures had lost their interest in the anticipation of elegant leisure, refined pursuits, and the application of adequate means to high objects.

There was a feeling, too, not uncommon when any thing extraordinary and peculiar occurs in our own experience; a feeling of the interposition of Heaven in our behalf; a communication with Providence; an intimate revelation of his will, and his concurrence in our strongest and secret wishes. Mr. Clarence's ruling sentiment was his parental affection; his children appeared to him, and really were, highly gifted. His

boy had been the instrument, as far as human agency was concerned, of the singular turn in the tide of his fortunes, and he had regarded him as distinguished by the signal favor of heaven, and destined to gratify his honourable ambition. These had been his high and happy visions; but he had been harassed by suspense and delay, and he was now beset with unexpected dangers, and tormented with unforeséen anxieties.

After the adjournment of the court, he had passed some hours with his lawyers in balancing the chances for and against him, and had pretty well ascertained their opinion of the desperateness of his cause. As he entered his house, he met his little girl, Gertrude, in the entry. She bounded towards him, exclaiming, "Good news! good news! dear father!"

"What news? what have you heard, Gertrude?"

"I have received the first prize in my class," and, glowing with the emotion she expected to excite, she drew from beneath her apron a prize-book, bright in new morocco and gilding.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed her father, "I thought you,"—had heard some news from the jury, he was going too add; but he suppressed the last half of the sentence, half-amused, and half-vexed at his own weakness. He then, almost unconsciously, kissed the little girl, and, turning from her, paced the room with an air of abstraction and anxiety.

"You don't seem at all delighted, father," said the disappointed child, "I am sure I don't know the reason why; you used to seem so pleased when I only got the medal."

Her father made no reply, and a few moments after Frank came limping into the room. Mr. Clarence turned short on him, "A pretty piece of blundering work you made of it in court, Mr. Frank; how came you to disgrace yourself and me in that manner?"

"Oh, father, I was horribly frightened, and besides, sir, you know I felt sick."

"Sick! what ailed you?"

"Father, have you forgotten that I ran a nail into my foot yesterday?—I have not been well since."

"My dear boy, I beg your pardon; but I have had concerns of so much more moment on my hands. If your foot still pains you, go and ask your mother to poultice it."

"Mother has gone to Brooklyn. She said she should get a nervous fever, if she staid at home waiting for the decision of the cause."

"Well, go to Tempy; she will do it as well."

"Tempy has gone to Greenwich, to speak to her brother about coming to live with us; for mother says we must have a man-servant immediately after we get the cause."

"Have a little patience, Frank, I am going to Dr. Eustace's, and I will ask him to step over and look at your wound." Mr. Clarence snatched up his hat and went to Dr. Eustace's; but, in his deep interest in discussing the occurrences of the day with his friend, he forgot the apparently trifling malady of his boy.

"Gertrude," said Frank, as his father shut the door, "don't you wish our grand-father had not left father any money?"

"No, indeed, I don't wish any such

thing. But why do you ask me, Frank? I am sure it is all the same, since he has not got it."

"No, it is not all the same by a great deal, Gertrude. Don't you see how different father has been ever since? He does not play to us and talk to us as he used to; he never helps me with my lessons; he always seems to be thinking, and every body is talking to him about the cause; and mother, too, she seems more different than father."

"How do you mean, Frank?"

"Why, she always used to be at home, and had something pleasant for us when we came from school, and so forth; but now she is always talking about how we are going to live, and what she is going to buy when we get the cause."

"Oh, but Frank, we shall have such pleasant times then; mother says so. She says we shall be richer than cousin Anne! and I shall have a piano; and we shall keep a carriage of our own; and we shall have every thing we wish—and that will be like having Aladdin's lamp at once, you know."

"Oh, dear me! all I should wish, if I had Aladdin's lamp, would be for somebody to cure my foot. Can't you be my good Genius, Gertrude?" said the poor boy, with a forced smile.

"Yes, Frank. Just stretch your leg out on the sofa, and lay your head in my lap, and I will read to you a beautiful Arabian tale out of my prize-book. You will forget the pain in a few minutes."

The sweet oblivious draught administered by his sister's soothing voice operated like a charm. Frank's attention was rivetted, and though he now and then startled Gertrude with a groan, he would exclaim in the next breath, "Go on—go on!" She continued to read till he fell asleep. Neither his father nor mother returned till a late hour in the evening.

Early next morning it was known to all persons interested in the cause, that the jury were still in solemn conclave, and it was rumored that they were nearly unanimous in favour of the plaintiff. Those who understood the coercive power of watching and fasting over unanimity of opinion, predicted

that the verdict would be forthcoming at the opening of the court.

It is an admitted fact, that notwithstanding the precautions that are taken to maintain the secresy of a jury's deliberations; notwithstanding the officer who attends them, and who is their centinel, locks them in their apartment, and is sworn neither to hold nor permit communication with them; the state of their opinions does marvellously get abroad. What is the satisfactory solution of this mystery to those who believe that the nobler sex scorn the interchange of curiosity and communication?

At the opening of the court, the court-room was crowded as if a judicial sentence were about to be passed upon a capital offender,—but by a different and higher class of persons. Some were attracted by the desire to see how Mr. Clarence would receive the annunciation of the ruin of his hopes; how he and his friend Dr. Eustace would endure the consequent dishonour. These were disappointed, for neither of these gentlemen was any where to be seen. Gerald Roscoe too was absent—he

who the day before had so boldly scorned every opinion unfavourable to Mr. Clarence. There could be no *coup dè théâtre* without the presence of these parties. The general conclusion was, that they were too well apprised of the probable result to meet it in the public eye.

The proper officer announced that the jury were ready to present their verdict. They were accordingly conducted to their box, and the foreman arose to pronounce their verdict for the plaintiff, when he was interrupted by a noise and altercation at the door, and Gerald Roscoe entered, and pressed impatiently forward. He was followed, in the lane he made, by an old woman, who seemed utterly regardless of the dignity of the presence she was in, looked neither to the right nor left, and elbowed her way as if she had been in a market-house. The young man cast one anxious glance back to see she followed, and then sprang forward and whispered to Mr. Clarence's counsel. This gentleman was electrified by the communication; but he was anxious not to betray his sensa-

tions, and he rose, and with great coolness begged the suspension of the verdict, and the indulgence of the court for a moment. His young friend, Mr. Gerald Roscoe, he said, had found a witness whose testimony might have an important bearing on the case.

Rider interrupted him. He was astonished at such an application. The gentleman must be aware that it was utterly inadmissible; he seemed to have forgotten all legal rules, and all his judicial experience. Had he taken counsel of the unfledged youth, who was certainly a most extraordinary volunteer in the defendant's cause? The young man's impertinent obtrusion of his sympathies on the preceding day had deserved reproof; he trusted his honor the Judge would not pass by this gross violation of the decorum of that tribunal.

Roscoe's boyish, slightly-knit frame seemed to dilate into the stature of manhood, as he cast an indignant glance at Rider, whose eye fell before him, and then turning to the court, he said, "I pray the

Judge to inflict on me any penalty I may have incurred even in that man's opinion," pointing to Rider, "by my unrepressed sympathy with integrity; but I entreat that my fault may not prejudice Mr. Clarence's cause."

"It shall not," said Rider's associate counsel, willing to humor what he considered the impotent zeal of the youth. "I pray your honor that the new witness may be heard. In the present state of our cause, we have nothing to fear from the machinations of this young counsellor —our beardless brother will scarcely untie our gordian knot."

The judge interposed. "This is somewhat irregular, but, as the counsel on both sides consent, let the witness be sworn." She was so.

"Be good enough to tell us your name, Mistress," said Mr. Clarence's counsel.

"Olida Quackenboss."

"You keep a lodging-house in William-street, Mrs. Quackenboss?"

"You may call it what you like; it's my own house, and I take in a decent body or

two now and then, as sarves my own convenience."

"Did a man, calling himself Smith, die at your house last April?"

"No, he died there the thirtieth day of March;" (then, in an under voice, and counting on her fingers, 'Thirty days hath September,' and so on)—"No, no, but it was the thirty-first of March."

"That is immaterial, good woman."

"What for did you ask me then?"

"Because I wanted to ask you further, if you knew any thing of a certain purse, which this man, calling himself Smith, died possessed of?"

"Yes, do I; and the lad there," pointing, or rather jerking her elbow, towards Gerald Roscoe, "laid down ten dollars to answer for it, if any of you wronged me out of it; and that would not be as good as the purse, for it's got Smit's luck-penny in it."

"How came you by it, Mrs. Quackenboss?"

"Honestly, man."

"No doubt, but did Smith give it to you?"

The old woman grinned a horrible smile. "Are you a born-fool, man, to think Smit, a sensible body, would give away money like your thriftless spend-all trash, that's flashing up and down Broadway? Why look here, man;" and she thrust her arm to the almost fathomless abyss of her pocket, and brought up an old sometime snuff-box, which she opened, took from it the purse, undrew the string, and piece by piece dropped into her hand, the half jo, the Spanish dollar, the English pennies, and the lucky sixpence, specified in Smith's document. "All this was in it, good money as ever rung on a counter."

"Then it was paid to you as due from Smith, was it?"

"Not that neither; Smit paid his own dues; all but a week's hire of the place, that run up against him, poor man, while he lay sick and arning nothing. But leave me be; I'll just tell you how it was. You see, the man that they call the public administrator came to take Smit's strong box, and he said the money was all to go into the public *chist;* and right glad was I it

was to be locked up, and not go to any heirs, to be blown away with a blast like the leaves that's been all summer a growing. And so, when this man that they call the administrator came, I helped him fetch the box from the garret, and he looked round poor Smit's room upon his clothes that were hanging about as if they were but so many cobwebs dangling there, and he said to me, 'You may keep these duds—they'll serve you for dusting-cloths.' I asked him, 'Do you mean I shall keep them, and all that's in them?' and he said 'Yes;' and to make sure, I called in a witness, and he said 'Yes' again. And then I shut and locked the door after us; for I knew of the purse, that Smit once showed me in his life-time, and I went straight back and got it, and it has not seen the light since, till the lad came this morning; and now no man, nor lawyer either, dare to take from me what's honestly mine own. And now ye may take one look at it; it's just as good as when his granny knit it for him, with them words in it—next to a gospel verse are they—'*a penny saved is a penny*

gained;' and if ye'd all *hare* to it, especially yon gay-looking younkers, ye'd have mighty less need of your courts, and your judges, and your lawyers, and your jails. Now you have my word and my counsel, ye may let me go."

"Stop one moment, Mrs. Quackenboss. Who apprised the public administrator that Smith had left the money?"

"He told me one Mr. Carroll had sent him there."

The truth of the miser's document was now attested, and the evidence, of course, conclusive in Mr. Clarence's favour. All, who had watched the progress of the trial, remembered that he might have rested a claim to the miser's money, on the declaration of his manuscript; and his delicacy and disinterestedness in avoiding to do so swelled the tide that was setting in his favour. Murmurs of honest joy, at the triumph of innocence, ran through the court-room. The counsel for the plaintiff rose; 'he had nothing, he said, to allege in answer to the last witness. He was himself convinced,' he magnanimously added, 'of the validity

of the defendant's claim to the name and fortune of the late Edmund Clarence, Esquire.'

"Ye're right, your honour, ye're right," cried a voice that made breathless every other in the court-room, "and didn't I tell ye, Lawyer Rider, didn't I tell ye that I heard Clarence that's dead tell him that's living, that he was his own father's son; didn't I tell ye so, Lawyer Rider?—spake man."

But Rider did not speak. He had no portion of the warm-heartedness of the poor misguided Irishman. He could not throw himself on the wave of generous sympathy, and forget it might engulf him.

Both the offenders were ordered into custody, and both subsequently punished—Rider with the heaviest, Conolly the most lenient infliction the law permitted.

Nothing now remained but for the jury to make out their formal verdict. As soon as this was done, Gerald Roscoe, to whose thought and ingenuity the happy issue of the cause was owing, rushed from the court-room to be the bearer of the happy tidings to Mr. Clarence. He ran breathless to Barclay-

street. His glad impatience could not brook the usual formalities. The street door was open. He entered—he flung open the parlour door; no one was there. He heard footsteps in the room above; he sprang up stairs, threw wide open the door, and the joyful words seemed of themselves to leap from his lips, "It's yours—it's yours, Mr. Clarence!"

Not a sound replied—not an eye was lifted. Silence, and despair, and death were there; and the words fell as if they had been uttered at the mouth of the tomb. Where were now all the hopes, and fears, and calculations, and projects, that a few hours before agitated those beating hearts?

Where was that restless, biting anxiety, that awaited the decision of the cause as if it involved life and happiness? Gone, forgotten; or if it for a moment darted through the memory, it was as the lightning flashes through the tempest, to disclose and make more vivid all its desolation!

What was wealth? what all the honour the world could render to that father on whose breast his only beloved son was breathing

out his last sigh? What to the mother who was gazing on the glazed, motionless, death-stricken eye of her boy? What to the poor little girl whose burning cheek was laid to the marble face of her brother, whose arms were clasped around him as if their grasp would have detained the spirit within the bound of that precious body?

The flushed cheek of the messenger faded. His arms, that a moment before had been extended with joy, fell unstrung beside him; and he remained awe-struck and mute till the physician who stood bending over the foot of the bed, watching the sufferer for whom his art was impotent, moved round to his side, and bending over him, uttered those soul-piercing words, "*he is gone!*"

Gerald Roscoe closed the door, and with slow footsteps, and a beating heart, returned to the bustling court-room.

CHAPTER IX.

"The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.' —Scott.

Our readers must allow us to take a liberty with time, the tyrant that takes such liberties with us all, and passing over the three years that followed the events of the last chapter, to introduce them into the library of Gerald Roscoe's mother, now a widow. The apartment was in a dismantled condition. A centre-table was covered with files of papers. The book-cases were emptied of their precious contents; the walls stained with marks of pictures just taken down; the centre-lamp removed from its hangings, vases from their stands, and busts from their pedestals, and the floor encumbered with packages,

labelled with various names, and marked 'sold.'

Mrs. Roscoe was sitting on a sofa beside her son, and leaning her head on his shoulder. Their faces, in this accidental position, had the very beauty and expression that a painter might have selected to illustrate the son and mother—the widowed mother. The meek brow on which the fair hair, unharmed by time, was parted, and just appeared in plain rich folds from beneath the mourning-cap; the tender vigilant, *mother's* eye; the complexion, soft, and fair, and colorless, as a young infant's; and the slender form, which, though it had lost all beauty but grace and delicacy, retained those eminently;—were all contrasted as they should be with the firmly knit frame and manly stature of her son; with the dark complexion, flushed with the glow of health; a profusion of wavy jet black hair; the full lustrous eye of genius; an expression of masculine vigor and untamed hope, softened by the play of the kind affections of one of the most feeling hearts, and happiest tempe-

raments in the world. One could not look at him without thinking that one would like to take the journey of life with him; would select him for a *compagnon du voyage*, sure that he would resolutely surmount the steeps, smooth the roughnesses, and double the pleasures of the way. And who, to look at them other, would not have been content also to have travelled the path of life with her, 'heaven-born, and heaven-bound,' as she was, unencumbered with the burden of life, and unsullied with any thing earthly? She bore the traces of grief, deep and recent, but endured with such filial trust that it had not disturbed the holy tranquillity of her soul. There was such feminine delicacy in her appearance, her voice was so sweet and low-toned, her manners so gentle, that she seemed made to be loved, cherished, carressed, and defended from the storms of life. But she was overtaken by them, the severest, and she endured them with a courage and fortitude, not derived from the uncertain springs of earth but from that fountain that

infuses its own celestial quality into the virtue it sustains.

"This has been a precious hour of rest, my dear Gerald," said his mother, "but we must not prolong it. We have still some matters to arrange before we leave the house."

"No, I believe all is finished. I have just given your last inventory and directions to the autioneer."

"Then nothing remains but to dismiss Agrippa. I had determined to have no *feelings*, but I am not quite equal to this task. You must do it for me, Gerald."

"I have already arranged that business. Agrippa would not be dismissed. He says he is spoiled for new masters and mistresses; and to tell you the truth, my gentle mother, Agrippa is half right; your servants are not fit for the usage of common families.

"I certainly would retain Agrippa, Gerald, if we had any right to such a luxury as the indulgence of our feelings. But my annuity will hardly stretch to the maintenance of a servant, and you, my dear boy,

have yet to learn how hard it is to earn your own subsistence."

"That's true, mother; but it will be only a little harder to earn Agrippa's too; and I shall work with a lighter heart, if I toil for something beside my own rations. Thank heaven! in our plentiful country there is many an extra cover at nature's board, and those who earn a place there, have a right to dispense them. Agrippa, poor fellow, would follow our fortunes even though 'he died for lack of a dinner.' When I asked him whither he meant to go when we left the house, he drew up with the greatest dignity, and said, 'With *the family*, to be sure. Who could ever think of madam and Mr. Gerald living without a servant?'"

"Well, Gerald, if the fancy that his services confer grandeur or benefit on us, makes him happier, we will not destroy the illusion. Your exertions to support the old man will give me more pleasure than a thousand servants. My mind has, of late, been so occupied with inventories, that I have thought of making a list of my compensations for the loss of fortune. I should

place first the power of adversity to elicit the energies of a young man of eighteen."

"Pass over the *mother's* compensations, if you please, and specify some other particulars. For instance, is adversity the touchstone of friendship?"

"No, I think not—that is the common notion; but it seems to me that the misanthropic complaints of human nature, with which most persons embitter their adversity, result from accidental connections and ill-assorted unions. In prosperity intimacies are formed, not so much from sympathy of taste and feeling, as from similarity of condition. We associate with those who live in a certain style, and when this bond is dissolved, why should not the friendship be?"

"Friendship! mother?"

"True, Gerald, it is an absurd misnomer. We fancy the shadow is a substance, and when the light enters, complain that it vanishes. Those who are not intoxicated by fortune, nor duped by vanity, do not need adversity to prove their friends. I have been disappointed in one instance only, and there the fault is my own. I humbly confess I was

blinded by his flattery. I ought always to have known there was nothing in Stephen Morley to deserve our friendship."

"Stephen Morley! the poor scoundrel, he does not deserve a thought from you, my dear mother."

"But we must bestow a few thoughts upon him just now, Gerald. Run your eye over that power of attorney," she added, giving him a paper, "and if you find it correct, send it to Denham." The paper authorized Denham, Mrs. Roscoe's lawyer, to convert a certain property into money, and therewith to pay a debt due to Stephen Morley from the late Edward Roscoe, Esquire.

"This is superfluous," said Gerald; "Morley's debt is already provided for in the assignment."

"True, but Morley is dissatisfied, and impatient."

"Good Heaven! does the fellow dare to say so?"

"Read his note, Gerald, and you will think with me that a release from even the shadow of an obligation to Mr. Morley is

worth a sacrifice." Gerald read the following note:

" My dear Madam—A severe pressure of
" public business (private concerns I should
" have put aside) has prevented my ex-
" pressing in person the deep sympathy I
" feel in your late bereavement. The loss
" of a husband, and *such* a husband, is in-
" deed a calamity; but we must all bow to
" the dispensations of an all-wise Provi-
" dence.

" It is painful to intrude on you, my dear
" madam, at *such* a moment a business
" concern; and nothing but an *imperative*
" sense of duty to my family would compel
" me to do it. I understand you have
" assumed the settlement of my late friend's
" affairs—a task, suffer me to say, my
" dearest madam, *par parenthèse*, ill-suited
" to one of your delicate sensibilities.

" I hesitate to allude to my late friend's
" debt to me—a debt, I am bound in justice
" to myself to say, contracted under *peculiar*
" circumstances; still I should not refer to
" them as a reason for an earlier settlement
" of my claim than is provided for by your

" assignments, (which Denham has exhibited " to me,) were I not constrained by that " *stern* necessity that knows *no* law, to " intreat you to make arrangements for an " *immediate* payment.

" Believe me, my dear madam, with the " sincerest condolence and respect,

" Your very humble, and
" devoted Servant,
" STEPHEN MORLEY."

Gerald threw down the note; " The sycophantic, selfish rascal!" he exclaimed, " yes, pay him, my dear mother—if it were the pound of flesh, I would pay him;—'*peculiar circumstances!*' peculiar enough, Heaven knows! The only requital he ever made for loans from my father that saved him, time after time, from a jail:—' peculiar,' peculiar indeed, that after our house has been a home to him, he should be the only one of all the creditors dissatisfied. Pay him! Yes, mother, pay him instantly."

A servant opened the door—" Mr. Morley, madam! He asks if he can see you alone."

" Show Mr. Morley up—leave me, Gerald."

Gerald paused at the door: "Let me see him, mother," he said earnestly; "he does not deserve"—his sentence was broken off by Morley's entrance. Gerald looked as if he longed to give him the intimation the Frenchman received, who said of the gentleman who kicked him down stairs, 'he intimated he did not like his company.' Morley seized his hand, gave it a pressure, and said in a voice accurately depressed to the key of condolence, "My dear Gerald," and then, elongating his visage to its utmost stretch of wofulness, he advanced towards Mrs. Roscoe. She baffled all his preparations by meeting him with a composure that made him feel his total insignificance in her eyes. The bidden tear that welled to his eye was congealed there, and the thrice-conned speech died away on his lips. "You have business with me Mr. Morley," she said, in a manner that excluded every other ground of intercourse.

"Yes, my dear madam, I have a small matter of business; but it *is* particularly painful to intrude it at this moment. I am really quite overwhelmed with seeing prepara-

tions for an auction in *this* house. God bless me, my dear Julia, was it not possible to avoid this consummation of your misfortunes? And now, when the details of business must be so extremely trying to you?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Morley, they are of service to me."

"Ah! I fear you are overtaxing yourself—an unnatural excitement, depend on it. I fear too—suffer me to be frank—my deep interest in you must be my apology—I fear you have been ill-advised. In your peculiar circumstances, nothing would have been easier than a favourable compromise with the majority of your creditors — certain debts, of course, to be excepted."

"Fortunately, Mr. Morley, there was no necessity for exceptions; I have the means to pay them all."

"Undoubtedly, madam; but by the surrender of your private fortune—to that my friend's creditors have no claim; of course I except those debts in which my friend's *honor* was involved."

"You must pardon me, Mr. Morley; as a woman, I am ignorant of the nice distinctions

of men of business. Gerald has not yet learned an artificial code of morals: and we both thought all honest debts honourable."

"Undoubtedly, madam, in one sense; you have high notions on these subjects; the misfortune is, they do not accord with the actual state of things; such sacrifices are not required by the sense of the public."

"Perhaps not, Mr. Morley, but we were governed by our own moral sense."

"Fanciful, my dear madam; and suffer me to say that whatever right you may have to indulge your romantic self-sacrifice, you seem to me to have overlooked your duty to Gerald."

"A mother," replied Mrs. Roscoe, with a faint smile, "is not in much danger of overlooking such duties to an only son. Had our misfortunes occurred at an earlier period of Gerald's life, the surrender of my fortune would have been more difficult. But Gerald has already had, and availed himself worthily, of every advantage of education that our country affords. His talents, zeal, and industry—I speak somewhat proudly, Mr. Morley—are his present means, and adequate

to his wants. His agency for Mr. Clarence, and another honorable employment he has been so fortunate as to obtain, will furnish him a respectable support without encroaching on his professional studies."

"Very fortunate, very respectable, undoubtedly, my dear madam; but then my friend Gerald is so very promising—such an uncommonly elegant young man—he would have come into life under such advantages. Why, there are the Vincents, Mrs. Roscoe. Who are more sought and visited than the Vincents? Mrs. V. was left in circumstances precisely analogous to yours. She had, I may say, if not an able, a fortunate adviser at least. We called the creditors together, and exhibited rather a desperate state of affairs. She was, you know, at that time a remarkably pretty woman, and looked uncommonly interesting in her widow's weeds; her children were assembled around her in their deep mourning;—it was quite a scene. I assure you the creditors were touched; they signed a most favorable compromise—compounded for ten per cent. I think. Mrs. Vincent lived in great retirement while her

daughters were being educated—spared no expense—and now they have come out in the very first style, I assure you. Nobody has a more extensively fashionable acquaintance—nobody entertains in better style, than my friend Mrs. Vincent."

"I believe I must remind you that you have business with me, Mr. Morley."

Morley bit his nails; but after a moment he recovered his self-possession, and reverted from the natural tone into which he had fallen, to that of sentimental sympathy. "Yes, my dear madam, I have business; but really my own concerns were quite put out of my head, by seeing this house, in which I have passed so many pleasant hours, in preparation for an auction! I hardly know how to proceed: I could not fully explain myself in my note. It is too delicate an affair to commit to paper—I was particularly solicitous not to excite your feelings." Mrs. Roscoe listened with that quiet attention, which said, as plainly as words could speak it, *You* cannot excite my feelings, Mr. Morley. She was however mistaken. Morley proceeded: "I perceive, by the exhibit of your affairs,

that you have placed me on the same footing with the other creditors of my late friend; I know it is your intention they shall all be fully paid, principal and interest—but permit me to say this is a fallacious hope—a case that rarely occurs; there are invariably great losses in the settlement of estates—if the creditors get fifty per cent., they esteem themselves fortunate. I am compelled to say, though reluctantly, that there is something a little peculiar in this debt to me, which renders its immediate and entire payment very important—important, I mean, to the memory of my late friend."

"Will you have the goodness, Mr. Morley, to explain to me the peculiar circumstances attending this debt?"

"Excuse me, my dear madam; it would be too painful a task; take my assurance that my friend's honor is implicated. I beg," he added, lowering his voice, "that you will not communicate to Gerald what I am going to say. He is hot-headed, and might be rash. An exposure of the circumstances attending the loan would be most unfortunate; I could not avert the consequences to my

friend's reputation. The dishonor, I am sorry to say it, would be great, and the disadvantage to your son, inestimable. It is therefore on his account, far more than my own, that I urge immediate payment."

"Let me understand you distinctly, Mr. Morley; do you mean that there were circumstances attending the borrowing of that money dishonorable to my husband?"

"I grieve to say there were, madam."

"And those circumstances must transpire if the money is not immediately refunded?"

"This is the unhappy state of the case."

"Will you run your eye over that power of attorney, Mr. Morley?" Morley did so, and felt a mingled sensation of joy, at finding himself so secure of immediate possession of the total amount of his debt, and of vexation that he had taken so much superfluous trouble; however, the pleasure preponderated and sparkled in his eyes, as he said, "This is perfectly satisfactory, my dear madam, entirely so; it wants nothing but your signature."

"And my signature, sir, it never will receive." Morley's face fell. He looked as if

he felt much as a fox might be supposed to feel, who sees the trap-door fall upon him, just as he is in the act of grasping his prey. "Mr. Morley," continued Mrs. Roscoe, "that instrument will convince you how solicitous I was to escape from a pecuniary obligation to you—galling as it is, I will continue to endure it, to show you that neither your broad assertions, nor malignant insinuations, can excite one fear for the honor of my husband's memory. I shall *not* communicate what you have said to my son, for he might not be able to restrain his indignation against a man who has slandered his father, to his mother's ear. Our business is now, sir, at at end." Mrs. Roscoe rang the bell. Morley fumbled with his hat and uttered some broken sentences, half remonstrating, and half apologizing. The servant appeared. "Agrippa, open the street-door for Mr. Morley." Mr. Morley was compelled to follow Agrippa, with the mortifying consciousness of having been penetrated, baffled, and put down, by a woman.

It may appear incomprehensible to our readers, that Stephen Morley should ever

have been honoured with the friendship of the Roscoes, but they must remember we have shown him without his mask.—"The art of pleasing," says Chesterfield, "is the art of rising in the world;" and one of the grossest but surest arts of pleasing is the art of flattery. Morley flattered women for their love; men for their favor, and the people for their suffrages. From the first he received all grace, from the second, consideration, and from the last, office and political distinction. When the Roscoes were affluent and distinguished, Morley was as obsequious to them as an oriental slave to his master. But when a sudden turn in the tide of fortune changed the aspect of their affairs, and cloud after cloud gathered over them, Mr. Stephen Morley, who resembled the feline race in their antipathy to storms, as well as in some other respects, shook the damps from his coat, and slunk away from the side of his friends.

The Roscoes, occupied with deep sorrows and difficult duties, had almost forgotten him, when he consummated his meanness by the conduct we have related.

CHAPTER X.

"By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for."—As YOU LIKE IT.

The following letter was addressed by Mrs. Layton, (whom we take the liberty thus unceremoniously to present to our readers,) to Gerald Roscoe, Esq.

"Upton's-purchase, June 18—.

"Tell me, my dear friend, if you love the "country, (to borrow your legal phrase,) "*per se?* Here I am surrounded by mag-"nificent scenery, in the midst of 'bowery "summer,' in the month of flowers, and "singing-birds, the leafy month of June; "and yet I am sighing for New York. It "is Madame de Stael, I think, who says

"that 'love and religion only can enable us
"to enjoy nature.' The first, alas! alas!
"is (for *is* read *ought to be*,) *passé* to me;
"and the last I have exclusively associated
"with the sick-chamber and other forms of
"gloom and misery.

"I honestly confess, I do love the town.
"I prefer a walk on a clean flagging to dag-
"gling my flounces and wetting my feet in
"these green fields. I had rather be waked
"in the morning, (if waked I must be) by
"the chimney-sweeps' cry, than by the
"chattering of martins. I prefer the expres-
"sive hum of my own species to the hum of
"insects, and I had rather see a few japoni-
"cas, geraniums, and jasmines, peeping from
"a parlour-window, than all these acres of
"wheat, corn, and potatoes.

"Oh, for the luxury of my own sofa, with
"the morning-paper or the 'last new novel'
"from Goodrich: with the blinds closed,
"and the sweet security of a 'not at home'
"order to faithful servants! Country people
"have such a passion for *prospects*, as if there
"were no picture in life but a *paysage*; and
"then for light too, they are all Persians—

" worshippers of the sun. My friends here
" do not even know the elements of the arts
" of life. They have not yet learned that
" nothing but infancy or such a complexion
" as Emilie's can endure the revelations of
" broad sunshine. It would be difficult, my
" dear Roscoe, to give you an idea of the
" varieties of misery to which I am exposed.
" My friends pride themselves on their hos-
" pitality—on their devotion to their guests.
" They know nothing of the art of 'letting
" alone.' I must ride, or walk, or sail. We
" must have this friend to dine, or that
" 'charming girl to *pass the day!*' My old
" school-mate, Harriet Upton, whom in an
" evil hour I came thus far to see, was, in her
" girlhood, quite an inoffensive little negative.
" She is now a positive wife—a positive
" house-wife—a positive mother—and Mrs.
" Balwhidder, the busiest of bees, nay, all
" the bees of Mount Hymettus are not half
" so busy as Harriet Upton. She has the
" best dinners, pies, cake, sweetmeats, in
" the country;—her house is in the most
" exact order, and no servants—or. next to
" none;—a house full of children too, and no

" nursery! She is an incessant talker, and " no topic but husband and children and " house-affairs. She is an *economist* too, " and like most female sages in that line " that I have had the misfortune to encoun- " ter, she loses all recollection of the end in " her eternal bustle about the means. Every " thing she wears is a *bargain.* All her fur- " niture has been bought at auctions. She " tells me with infinite *naïveté* (*me* of all sub- " jects for such a boast) that she always makes " her visits to town in the spring, when fa- " milies are breaking up, and merchants " are breaking down—when to every tenth " house is appended that prettiest of ensigns, " in her eyes, a *red* flag, and half the shop- " windows are eloquent with that talismanic " sentence, 'selling off at cost.' Oh Roscoe! " would that you could see her look, half " incredulous and half contemptuous, when " I tell her that my maid, Justine, does all " my shopping, and confess my ignorance " of the price of every article of my dress!

" But even Dame Upton, a mass of insi- " pidities as she is, is as much more tole- " rable than her husband, as a busy,

" scratching, fluttering, clucking motherly " hen, than a solemn turkey-cock. He, " I fancy, from the pomp and circumstance " with which he enounces his common- " places, is Sir Oracle among his neighbours. " He is a man of great affairs, president of " an agricultural society, colonel of a regi- " ment, justice of the peace, director of a " bank—in short, he fills all departments, " military, civil, and financial, and may be " best summed up in our friend D.'s pithy " sentence—' he is all-sufficient, self-suffi- " cient, and insufficient.'

" I am vexed at myself for having been " the dupe of a school-day friendship. You, " Roscoe, are partly in fault for having kept " alive my youthful sentimentalities. What " a different story would Emilie tell you, " were she to write! Every thing is *couleur* " *de rose* to her; but that is the hue of " seventeen—and besides, from having been " brought up in a tame way with her aunt, " common pleasures are novelties to her. " From the moment we left New York, she " had a succession of ecstacies. The pali- " sades were ' grand;' the highlands

" 'Alps;' and the Caatskills 'Chimboraso,'
" and 'Himalaya.' She could have lived
" and died at West Point, and found a para-
" dise at any of those pretty places on the
" Hudson. Albany, that little Dutch fur-
" nace, was classic ground to her, and she
" dragged me round at day-light to search
" among the stately modern buildings for
" the old Dutch rookeries that the alchymy
" of Irving's pen has, in her imagination,
" transmuted to antique gems. Even in
" traversing the pine and sandy wilderness
" from Albany to Schenectady, she ex-
" claimed, 'how beautiful!' and when I,
" half-vexed, asked 'what is beautiful?'
" she pointed to the few spireas and sweet-
" briars by the road-side. Alas for her
" poor mother! the kaleidoscope of her
" imagination was broken long ago, and
" trifles will never again assume beautiful
" forms and hues to her vision. There are
" pleasures, however, for which I have still
" an exquisite relish—a letter from you, my
" dear Gerald, would be a 'diamond foun-
" tain' in this desert.

" By the way, what do you know of the

"Clarences of Clarenceville? They called "on us a few days since: the father, "daughter, and a young man by the name "of Seton, an artist, who resides in the "family and teaches the young lady paint- "ing. She, if one may judge from the poor "fellow's blue eye and sunken cheek, has "already drawn lines on his heart, that it "will take a more cunning art than his to "efface. He seems to regard her as a poet "does his muse, or a hero his inspiring "genius; as something to be worshipped and "obeyed, but not approached. She appears "a comely little body, amiable, and rather "clever—at least she looked so: she "scarcely spoke while she was here; once "I fancied she blushed—and at what, do "you think? Your name, Gerald. The "father was very curious about you. He is "a 'melancholy Jacques' of a man, but he "is a dyspeptic, which accounts for all "moral maladies. They are evidently the "lions of this part of the world. Harriet "Upton has a constitutional deference for "whatever is *distingué* in any way; and "she was in evident trepidation lest Mr.

" Clarence, who, she took care to tell me, " was 'very particular,' should not accord " his suffrage to her friend. I was piqued, " and determined to show her there was " more in woman's power than was dreamt " of in her philosophy. I succeeded so " well that she kindly assured me she had " never seen Mr. Clarence 'take so to a " stranger,' and 'husband said so too.' " 'Husband says,' in Harriet Upton's mouth, " is equivalent to 'scripture says' from an " orthodox divine.

" Mr. Clarence betrayed some surprise at " my particular knowledge of you, and your " affairs; for to confess the truth, I was a " little ostentatious of the flattering fact of " our intimacy. I cannot account for his " curiosity about you, but on the—*feminine* " supposition, you will call it—that he has " designs, or rather hopes, in relation to " you; and on some accounts the thing " would do remarkably well. But then " there is your genuine antipathy to rich " alliances to be overcome; and, Gerald, " you are such a devotee to beauty, that this " young lady would shock your beau-ideal;

" and besides, to a young man who is a " romantic visionary in affairs of the heart, " there is something chilling and revolting " in the sort of exemplary, mathematical " character that I take Miss Clarence to be; " and finally—and thank Heaven for it—you " are not a marrying man, Gerald.

" I wonder that any man—that is, any " man of society—should trammel himself " with matrimony till it became a refuge from " old-bachelorhood. An old bachelor is " certainly the poorest creature in existence. " An old maid has a conventual asylum in " the obscurity of domestic life; and besides, " it is *possible* that her singleness is invo- " luntary, and then you feel more of pity " than contempt for her; but an old " bachelor—whether he be a fidgety, cynical " churl, or a good-natured tool who runs " of errands for the mammas, dances with " the youngest girls in company, (a sure " sign of dotage,) and feeds the children " with sugar-plums—an old bachelor is a " link dropped from the universal chain, " not missed, and soon forgotten.

" But to the Clarences once more. Miss

" Clarence and Emilie have taken a mutual " liking, and Emilie has accepted an invita- " tion, received to-day, and expressed in the " kindest manner, to pass a week at Cla- " renceville. The invitation to the Uptons " and me is limited to a dinner. If Miss " Clarence were a woman of the world, she " would not care to bring herself into such " close comparison with such exquisite " beauty as Emilie's. Is it not strange " that Emilie, Hebe as she is, should have " so little influence over the imagination? " She is a great deal more like Layton than " like her poor mother. By the way, will " you tell Layton he must remit us some " money, and also that I shall conform to " *his* wishes in respect to going to Trenton, " and shall of course expect the necessary " funds? Be kind enough to say I should " have written to him if I had had time.

" Oh, that my friend would write—not a " book—heaven forfend! but a letter. Do " gratify my curiosity about the Clarences. " I mean in relation to any particular in- " terest they may have in you. I know

" generally the history of Mr. C.'s discovery
" of his father, and his law-suit.

" Adieu, dear Gerald. Believe me, with
" as much sentiment as a wife and matron
" may indulge,

" Yours,

" GRACE LAYTON."

Gerald Roscoe to Mrs. Layton.

" New York, June, 18—.

" My dear Madam — It is, I believe,
" canonical to answer first the conclusion of
" a lady's letter. My reply to your queries
" about the Clarences will account for Mr.
" C.'s interest in me, without involving any
" reason so flattering as that you have
" suggested. My uncle, Gerald Roscoe,
" was one of that unlucky brotherhood that
" have fallen under your lash, and so far
" from being a 'dropped link, not missed,
" and soon forgotten,' he had that warmth
" and susceptibility of heart, that activity
" and benevolence of disposition, which
" strengthen and brighten the chain that

" binds man to man, and earth to heaven. " Blessed be his memory! I never see an " old bachelor that my heart does not warm " to him for his sake. But to my story. " My uncle—a Howard in his charities— " (you touched a nerve, my dear Mrs. " Layton, when you satirized old bachelors) " —my uncle, on a visit to our city alms- " house, espied a little boy, who, to use his " own phrase, had a *certain something* about " him that took his heart. This certain " something, by the way, he saw in whoever " needed his kindness. The boy too, at the " first glance, was attracted to my uncle. " Children are the keenest physiognomists " —never at a fault in their *first loves*. It " suddenly occurred to my uncle, that an " errand-boy was indispensable to him. " The child was removed to my grand- " father's, and soon made such rapid ad- " vances in his patron's affections that he " sent him to the best schools in the city, " and promoted him to the parlour, where, " universal sufferance being the rule of my " grandfather's house, he was soon as firmly " established as if he had equal rights with

" the children of the family. This child was
" then, as you probably know, called
" Charles Carroll. He was just graduated
" with the first honours of Columbia Col-
" lege, when, within a few days of each
" other, my grandfather and uncle died, and
" the house of Roscoe and Son proved to be
" insolvent. Young Carroll, of course, was
" cast on his own energies. He would have
" preferred the profession of law, but he had
" fallen desperately in love with a Miss
" Lynford, who lived in dependence in her
" uncle's family. He could not brook the
" humiliations which, I suspect, he felt
" more keenly than the subject of them, and
" he married, and was compelled, by the
" actual necessities of existence, to renounce
" distant advantages for the humble but
" certain gains of a clerkship. These par-
" ticulars I had from my mother. You may
" not have heard that at the moment of his
" accession of property he suffered a cala-
" mity in the death of an only son, which
" deprived him of all relish, almost of all
" consciousness, of his prosperity. He
" would gladly have filled the boy's

" yawning grave with the wealth which
" seemed to fall into his hands at that
" moment, to mock him with its impotence.
" The boy was a rare gem. I knew him
" and loved him, and happened to witness
" his death; and being then at the impres-
" sible season of life, it sank deeply into my
" heart. It was a sudden, and for a long
" time, a total eclipse to the poor father.
" The shock was aggravated by a bitter self-
" reproach, for having, in his engrossing
" anxiety for the result of his pending law-
" suit, neglected the child's malady while it
" was yet curable.

" He was plunged into an abyss of
" melancholy. His health was ruined, and
" his mind a prey to hypochondriac des-
" pondency. He languished for a year
" without one effort to retrieve his spirits.
" His physician prescribed entire change of
" scene, as the only remedy, and a voyage to
" Europe was decided on. His daughter
" was sent to Madame Rivardi's in Phila-
" delphia; where, by the way, if she had
" been of a polishable texture, she would
" now be something very different from the

" unembellished little person you describe.
" Mrs. Clarence went abroad with her
" husband. My mother, who is a sagacious
" observer of her own sex, says she was a
" weak and worldly-minded woman, quite
" unfit to manage, and certainly to rectify,
" so delicate an instrument as her hus-
" band's mind. They had been in Europe
" about eighteen months, when Mr. Cla-
" rence received the news of my father's
" death, the last, and bitterest of our family
" misfortunes. This event roused Mr. Cla-
" rence's generous sympathies. It gave
" him a motive for return and exertion. He
" came home to proffer assistance in every
" form to my mother. He found that she
" had heroically surmounted difficulties with
" which few spirits would have struggled;
" that she had declined a compromise with
" my father's creditors, and had succeeded
" in paying off all his debts; and that we
" were living independently, but with a
" severe frugality almost unparalleled in our
" bountiful country. I mention these par-
" ticulars in justice to Mr. Clarence, and to
" do honour to my mother. My mother!

" I never write or speak her name without a " thrill through my heart. A thousand " times have I blessed the adversity that " brought forth her virtue in such sweet and " beautiful manifestations. It was there, " like the perfume in the flower, latent " under the meridian sun, but exhaled by " the beating tempest.

" I should not care my wife should honor " my memory by mausoleums, cherished " grief, and moping melancholy, and their " ostentatious ensigns. Deep and even *un-* " *changing* weeds, do not excite my imagi- " nation; but the tender, cheerful fortitude " with which my mother endured pecuniary " reverses; the unblenching resolution with " which she met all the perplexing details of " business, never faltering till my father's " interrupted purposes were effected, and till " his memory was blessed, even by his cre- " ditors; this is the honor that would make " my ghost trip lightly through elysium— " shame on my heathenism!—that would " enhance the happiness of heaven.

" But to return to Mr. Clarence. He in- " sisted that he owed a debt to my father's

"family; and that my mother ought not to
"withhold from him the right, as he had now
"the opportunity, to cancel it.

"My mother, with the scrupulousness
"which, if it is an infirmity, is the infirmity
"of a noble mind, recoiled from a pecuniary
"obligation. Mr. Clarence, however, was
"not to be baffled. Inspired with confidence
"in me, as he said, by the ability with which
"I had assisted my mother in the manage-
"ment of our private disastrous affairs, he
"made me his man of business, and paid me
"a salary that relieved us at once from our
"most pressing necessities. I soon after
"entered on my profession, and from that
"time have received a series of kindnesses,
"which, in the temper of his noble nature,
"he has bestowed as my dues, rather than as
"his favours. It is now five years since I have
"seen him. His daughter I have never seen
"since her childhood; though far less strik-
"ing than her brother, she was then inte-
"resting. I am mortified, on her father's
"account, that she should have turned out
"such an ordinary concern. But it is a
"common case; the fruit rarely verifies the

"promise of the bud. However, I fancy "her father has his consolations. I infer "from his letters that she is exemplary in "her filial duties. They have resided at "Clarenceville ever since her mother's death, "when Miss C. was withdrawn from school. "It is certainly a merit in a girl of her bril- "liant expectations to remain contentedly "buried alive in the country—a merit to "point a moral, not adorn a tale. Is it na- "tural depravity, my dear Mrs. Layton, or "artificial perversity, that makes us during "the romantic period of life so insensible to "useful home-bred virtues? 'A comely "little body—amiable and rather clever!' "Heavens! such a picture would give Cupid "an ague-fit. The words raise the long for- "gotten dead in my memory and carry me "back to good Parson Peabody's, in Con- "necticut, whither I was sent to learn Latin "and Greek, and where, even then, my "wicked heart revolted from 'a comely little "body—amiable and rather clever,' a Miss "Eunice Peabody—a pattern damsel. I see "her now, knitting the parson's long blue "yarn-stockings, and at the same time du-

" tifully reading Rollin, Smollett, (his his-
" tory!) and Russell's Modern Europe—
" knitting, and reading by the mark. Many
" a time in my boyish mischief I have slipped
" back her mark, and seen her faithfully and
" unsuspectingly retrace the pages; though
" once, when I had ventured to repeat the expe-
" riment on the same portion of the book, she
" very sagely remarked to the admiring par-
" son, 'that there was considerable repetition
" in Rollin.' However, I beg Miss Clarence'
" pardon and really take shame to myself for
" any disrespect to one so nearly and dearly
" allied to my excellent friend, her father.
" The truth is, I have been a good deal vexed
" by having her seriously proposed to me as
" a most worthy matrimonial enterprise, by
" several of my friends, who flatter me by
" saying it would be an acceptable alliance to
" the father, and that I want nothing but for-
" tune to make a figure in life. Now that is
" just what I do not want. I have my own
" ambition, but, thank God, it does not run
" in that vulgar channel. I honor my pro-
" fession, among other reasons, because it
" does not hold forth the lure of wealth. I

"would press on in the noble career before "me, my eye fixed on such men as Emmet "and Wells, and if I attain eminence it shall "be as they have attained it, by the noblest "means—the achievements of the mind; "and the eminence shall be, too, like that "'holy hill of the Lord, to which none shall "ascend but those that wash their hands in "innocency.' If you have the common pre- "judices against my profession, you may "think this holy hill as inaccessible to "lawyers as the promised land was to the "poor sinning Israelites. But allow me, by "way of an apt illustration of my own ideas, "to repeat to you a compliment I received "from Agrippa, an old negro-servant of my "father's. He came into my office and look- "ing round with great complacency, said, "'Well, Master Gerald, you've raly got to "be a squire.'

"'Yes, Grip; but I hope you do not think "that lawyers cannot be good men.'

"'No, that I don't, sir; clean hands must "do a great deal of dirty work in this world."

"I shall never undertake a doubtful cause

"—a necessity which I believe the best "ethics include among our legal duties— "without consoling myself with Agrippa's "apothegm. But enough, and too much, of "egotism. One word as to your womanly "fancy that Miss Clarence blushed at the "mention of my name; I never knew a "woman that had not a gift for seeing blushes "and tears. Poor Miss Clarence! Never "was there a more gratuitous fancy than "this.

"And now, my dear madam, for a more "agreeable topic. When do you return to "the city? I am becoming desperate. My "dear mother has been at Schooley's moun- "tain for the last four weeks; and since "your parting 'God bless you,' I have not "exchanged one word with 'Heaven's last, "best work.' My condition reminds me of "a play, written by a friend of mine, which "was returned to him by the manager, with "this comment, 'It will not do, sir. Why, "there is not a woman in it; and if your men "were heroes or angels, they must be damn- "ed without women.' Now I am far enough

"from being hero or angel; but there is no "paradise to me without women—without "you, my dear madam——and—my mother. "I put her in not so much for duty's, as for "truth's sake. Commend me to Miss Emilie; "it is no wonder she should love the country "—all that is sweet, beautiful, and inspiring "in nature, is allied to her.

"My temper was put to the test the other "day on her account; or more on yours than "hers. Tom Reynolds joined me on the "Battery. 'So,' said he, 'your friend Mrs. "Layton has made a grand match for her "peerless daughter!'

"'How? to what do you allude?'

"'Bless me! you have not heard that "Emilie Layton is engaged to the rich Spa-"niard, Pedrillo?'

"'Pshaw! that is too absurd. Pedrillo is a "foreigner, unknown, and twice Miss Lay-"ton's age.'

"'Mere bagatelles, my dear sir. He is "rich; and put what you please in the other scale, and it kicks the beam, that is, if fathers and mothers are to strike the balance.'

"'Upon my word, you do them great

" honour ; but in this case I fancy Miss Lay-
" ton's own inclinations will be consulted.'

" '*Tant mieux*. Pedrillo is a devilish
" genteel fellow, handsome enough, and has
" a very insinuating address. What more can
" a girl ask for?'

" I was not, as you may suppose, my dear
" madam, fool enough to throw away any
" sentiment on a man destitute of the first
" principles on which sentiment is founded.
" So we parted ; but I was indignant that
" rumour should for a moment class you with
" persons who are degraded far below the
" level of those pagan parents who abandon
" their children to the elements, or sacrifice
" them to their divinities. Of all the morti-
" fying spectacles of civilized life, I know
" none so revolting as a parent—a *mother*—
" who is governed by mercenary motives in
" controlling the connubial destiny of a
" daughter ! But why this to you, who are
" independent, (to a fault, I should say, if the
" *queen* could do wrong,) of all pecuniary
" considerations ?

" But my letter is so long, that my moral
" has little chance of being read ; so here is

"an end of it. Return, I beseech you, my "dear Mrs. Layton; nothing has any ten- "dency to fill the vacancy you make in the "life of your devoted friend and servant,

"GERALD ROSCOE."

CHAPTER XI.

"Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise, and gives fortune no more hold of him than of necessity he must."—DRYDEN.

THE sentiment of Dryden, which we have prefixed to this chapter, accorded with Mr. Clarence's views, and will in part explain his preference of a rural life. But he had other reasons—reasons that neither began nor terminated with himself. The formation of Gertrude's character was the first object of his life, and he wished, while it was flexible, to secure for it the happiest external influences. He believed that direct instruction, the most careful inculation of wise precepts, and the constant vigilance of a single indi-

vidual, (even though that individual be a parent,) are insignificant, compared with the indirect influences that cannot be controlled, or with what has been so happily called the 'education of circumstances.' He wished to inspire his child with moderation and humility. She was surrounded by the indulgencies of a luxurious town-establishment, and exposed to the flatteries of the frivolous and the foolish. He wished to give her a knowledge and right estimate of the just uses and responsibilities of the fortune of which she was to be the dispenser. His lessons would be counteracted in a society where wealth was made the basis of aristocracy and fashion. He wished to infuse a taste for rational and intellectual pursuits. How was this to be achieved amidst the 'dear five hundred friends' she had inherited from her mother—the flippant idlers of a fashionable life?

Mr. Clarence was too much of a philosopher to condemn *en masse* the class of fashionable society. He knew there were individual exceptions to its general character, but he regarded them as the golden sands

borne on the current, not giving it a new direction. He esteemed the devotees to morning visits and evening parties as the mere foam on the fountain of life—as having no part in its serious uses or purposes. He felt a benevolent compassion for them; they seemed to him like the uninstructed deaf and dumb, beings unconscious of the rich faculties slumbering within them; faculties that, if awakened and active, and directed to the ends for which they were designed by their beneficent Creator, would change the aspect of society.

Mr. Clarence was not disappointed in many of the benefits he expected from his daughter's passing the noviciate of her life in the country. She learned to love nature from an acquaintance and familiarity with its sublimest forms, and most touching aspects. Those glorious revelations of their Author refined her taste, and elevated her imagination and her affections to an habitual communion with Him.

In a simple state of society, she felt the power of her wealth only in its wise and benevolent uses. She learned to view people

and things as they are, without the false glare of artificial society. Her domestic energies were called forth by the necessities of a country-establishment, which, with all the facilities of wealth, does, it must be confessed, sometimes require from the lady of the *ménage* the skill of an actual operator.

In this 'education of circumstances,' there was one which had a paramount influence on the character of Gertrude Clarence—her intercourse with her father. Gibbon has said, that the affection subsisting between a brother and sister is the only Platonic love. Has not that sentiment that binds a father to his daughter, the same generosity and tenderness arising from the distinction of sexes, and with that something higher and holier?

A parent stands, as it were, on the verge of two worlds, and blends the fears and hopes of both. He feels those anxieties and dreads that arise from an experience of the uncertainties of this life, and that inexpressible tenderness, and those illimi-

table desires, that extend to the eternal hereafter.

Mr. Clarence had perhaps an undue anxiety in regard to the possible evils of the present life. His mind never quite recovered from the melancholy infused into it by the relation of his father's history. The shocking death of his son nearly destroyed, for the time, his mental faculties, and permanently impaired his health. He timidly shrunk from every form of evil that might assail his child, not considering that she had the unabated ardor, and the elastic spirit that are necessary to sustain the burden of life. Gertrude's character, originally of a firm texture, was strengthened by her father's timidity. Her resolution and cheerfulness were always equal to his demands; and these were sometimes unreasonable. His solicitude sometimes degenerated to weakness, and his sensibility to petulance. To these Gertrude opposed a resoluteness, and equanimity, that to a careless and superficial observer might seem coldness; but such know not how carefully the fire that

is used only for holy purposes is concealed and guarded.

But our fair readers may be curious to know whether Gertrude's rustication was to be perpetual? whether the matrimonial opportunities of a rich heiress, were to be circumscribed to the few chances of a country-lottery? and whether she had arrived at the age of nineteen without any pretenders to her exclusive favor? Certainly not. The spirit of enterprise, in every form, is too alert in our country to permit the hand of an heiress to remain unsolicited; and Gertrude Clarence was addressed by suitors of every quality and degree. Clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and *forwarding merchants*, addressed, we should perhaps say approached her—for they soon found something in the atmosphere of Clarenceville that chilled and nipped their young hopes—they soon felt, (all but the most obtuse,) that Gertrude Clarence was no game for the mere fortune-hunter.

But, ask my fair young readers, did she pass the most susceptible years of her life without any of those emotions and visions

that disturb all our imaginations? She had her dreams, her beau-ideal. Her memory had retained the image of a certain youth who had appeared to her in all the graces of dawning manhood when she was a very young and unobserved child. In her memory he had been associated with her brother, so fondly loved, so long and deeply lamented. In her hopes—no, her thoughts did not take so definite a form—in her visions, there was one personification of all that to her imagination was noble, graceful, and captivating. Her father unwittingly cherished this prepossession.

His debt to the Roscoe family, and his love to its departed members, inspired, naturally, a very strong interest in Gerald, now its sole representative. Gerald's personal merit confirmed this interest. Mr. Clarence delighted to talk of him to Gertrude, to dwell on and magnify his rare qualities. He maintained a constant correspondence with Mr. Clarence, and his graceful and spirited letters seemed to impart to her acquaintance with his character, the vividness of personal intercourse.

It was natural that Mr. Clarence, in looking forward to the probable contingency of Gertrude's marriage, should, in his own mind, fix on Gerald Roscoe, as the only person to whom he would willingly resign her; but it certainly was not prudent to infuse a predilection into her mind, and to nourish that predilection without calculating all the chances against its gratification, and that fatal but unthought of chance, that her sentiment might not be reciprocated.

But we are in danger of anticipating, and we proceed to give a day at Clarenceville which will enable our readers to judge of our heroine's character, from its developement in action, a mode as much more satisfactory than mere description, as a book than its table of contents.

Mr. Clarence's house was no 'shingle palace,' but a well built, spacious, and commodious modern edifice, standing on a gentle slope on the north-east shore of one of the beautiful lakes in the western part of the state of New York. The position of the house was judiciously selected to economize

sunshine, and soft breezes, the luxuries of a climate where winter reigns for six months. Literally the monarch of all he surveyed, Mr. Clarence's right of property had enabled him to save from the relentless axe of the settler a fine extent of forest trees that sheltered him from the biting north winds, and, rising in strait and lofty columns, a 'lonely depth of unpierced woods' offered a tempting retreat to the romantic and the contemplative; or to those more apt to seek its 'lonely depths,' the sportsman and deer-hunter. Between the house and the lake, not a tree had been suffered to remain to intercept the view of the clear sparkling sheet of water, the soul of the scene.

The lawn was circular, and surrounded with shrubs and flowers, which Gertrude loved better than any thing not of human kind.

Sweet-briars, corcoruses, passion-flowers, and honey-suckles, wreathed the pillars of the piazza; and the garden, which was a little on the right of the house, and filled with fruit-trees, and arranged in terraces, covered with grapes, tempered the bolder

features of the scene with an air of civilization, refinement, and even luxury. The opposite shore of the lake was mountainous, wild, and rugged, and enriched to the fancy with many an Indian tradition. The lake was not a barren sheet of water, but dotted with islands, some without a tree or shrub, green, fresh, and smooth, looking as if they might have been the cast-off mantles of the sylvan deities; others were embowered with trees, and overgrown with native grape-vines, that had leaped from branch to branch, and hung their leafy draperies on every bough.

Less romantic, but not less agreeable objects terminated the perspective; a thriving village, with its churches, academy, and court-house, and all the insignia of an advancing, busy population.

The day we have mentioned was that appointed for Mrs. Layton and the Uptons to dine at Clarenceville. Any interruption of his customary occupations was apt, before breakfast, to disturb Mr. Clarence's serenity. The demon of dyspepsia was then lord of the ascendant. When he entered the break-

fast parlour, Gertrude and Mr. Seton only were there. "Where is the breakfast, Gertrude?" he asked. "I hope you do not mean to wait for Miss Emilie. Young ladies should really learn that good manners require them to rise at the family hours."

"Emilie was up with the birds, papa, and has gone to walk."

"To walk! my dear child, how could you permit her to expose herself to the morning air?"

"I was asleep."

"Asleep! Nothing is more fatal to health than sleeping in the morning. I have mentioned to you the anecdote of Lord Mansfield, Gertrude."

"O yes, papa." And Gertrude could scarcely repress a smile, when she recollected how many times it had been mentioned to her.

"I presume, Gertrude, it is not necessary to wait breakfast for Miss Layton."

"Not at all, sir; I have ordered it already."

Mr. Clarence walked to the window, and

unhappily espied his favourite riding-horse. "What a stupid scoundrel John is!" he exclaimed, "to leave Ranger in the sun."

Seton started from his seat: "It was not John, sir; I have been riding, and I took it for granted that John would see the horse."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Seton; but really, sir, it is not agreeable—it is not the thing to use a horse in this way." Poor Seton went with all possible speed to repair his fault, while Mr. Clarence continued, "Such imbecility is really too bad; twenty good shades within as many yards. He 'took it for granted John would see the horse;' this 'taking it for granted' is just the difference between those that get along in the world, and those that slump through. Do you know why Sarah does not bring the breakfast, Gertrude?"

"I hear her coming, sir."

"What are you looking at, Gertrude? Oh, I see—Ranger has got away from Louis; I expected it. Sarah, send John instantly thither." Mr. Clarence threw up the sash, and would have expressed his

impatient displeasure to Seton, but Gertrude laid her hand on his arm:

"My dear father! Louis is not well this morning."

Mr. Clarence put down the window, walked once or twice across the room, and asked for the Edinburgh Review. Gertrude looked on the tables, on the book-shelves, on the piano, on every thing that could support a book; but the London Quarterly, the North American, the Literary Gazette, New Monthly, Ladies' Magazine, the Analectic, Eclectic, every thing but the Edinburgh, was forthcoming—*that* had vanished.

"There is no use in looking, Gertrude; it's gone of course; it's of no consequence; the breakfast is here." They sat down; but here a new series of trials commenced. The coffee was burned too much, and Mr. Clarence made his daily remark, that he believed all the difficulty might be remedied, if people would say *roast* coffee, instead of *burnt* coffee. Then the dyspeptic bread had been forgotten, and the family bread was underbaked; the fish was cold, and the eggs were stale. Sarah was inquired of, 'why

fresh eggs had not been gotten from John Smith's?"

"Mr. Smith don't calculate to part with any more till after Independence."

"I dare say; it is all independence to our farming gentry! Has Mrs. Carter brought the fowls for dinner, Sarah?"

"No, sir; she has concluded not to ..."

"What is the meaning of that?"

"Why, sir, she says poor Billy reared them, and she does not love to spare them."

"Nonsense! tell John to go down and tell her I must have them."

"I have another errand for John to do at the same time," whispered Miss Clarence to the girl; "tell him to wait till after breakfast."

While these domestic inquiries had been making, Miss Clarence had prepared some remarkably fine black tea, just received from New York—the gardener had sent in a basket of strawberries, the first product of the season —and the cook had found a mislaid loaf of the favourite bread; and when Miss Emilie Layton returned from her walk, all radiant and glowing with beauty, health, and spirits,

Mr. Clarence was in the best humour possible. "Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily!" he exclaimed. "Pardon me, my dear little girl, I do not often quote, even prose; but you look so like the spirit of the jocund morning"—he drew her chair close to himself, kissed her white dimpled hand—"the privilege of an old man, Miss Emilie—don't look cast-down, Louis; every dog must have his day."

"What delightful spirits you are in, Mr. Clarence!" said the young lady.

"Spirits! ah my dear Miss Emilie, bless your stars that you did not see me half an hour sooner. I have been tormenting poor Gertrude and Louis; but I can't help it—I believe spirits, sensibility, every thing, as a friend of mine says, depends on the state of the stomach. Don't eat that egg—take some of these strawberries, Miss Layton; they are delicious *haut-bois.*"

"I prefer the egg, sir; I am very hungry!"

"Stop, my dear girl! don't you know you should always open an egg at the obtuse end, and if it is perfectly full to the shell,

it is fresh; I have tried the experiment all summer, and I have not found half a dozen good ones."

"And I have broken all mine in the middle, and never found a poor one," said Miss Layton, dashing hers out, and proceeding to eat it with the keen relish of a youthful and stimulated appetite.

"I like that—I like that, Miss Emilie; that makes all the difference in life, the difference between such a poor fidgetty creature as I am, and such a happy spirit as yours. Go on, my dear child, and break your eggs in the middle for ever; but excuse me, I have an errand that must be done immediately,"—and he rose to leave the room.

"Are you going to the widow Carter's?" asked Gertrude, with a very significant smile.

"Yes,"—and though Mr. Clarence bit his lip, he smiled in return.

"It is unnecessary. John was directed not to do the errand till after breakfast."

"There it is—see there, Miss Emilie—My good Gertrude has saved me from play-

ing Blue Beard on a poor widow's chickens this morning. The brood of a Heaven-forsaken boy of hers, who has been drowned in the lake this summer—the only good thing the graceless little dog ever did, was to rear these chickens. It would have been a worse case than that of the widow's cow, immortalized by Fenelon—all the poultry in Christendom would not have made up the loss to her, and she would have sent them, poor soul! she would have surrendered her life, if either Gertrude or I had required it."

Mr. Clarence had resumed his seat, and taken up a newspaper, when a servant entered with letters from the post-office; they were distributed according to their different directions. Miss Layton looked conscious and disturbed, and retreated to her apartment. Mr. Clarence broke the seal of his, saying it was a short business-letter, and that he had left his spectacles in the library; he asked Gertrude to read it to him. She accordingly leaned over his shoulder, and read as follows: "I have thought over and "over again what I told you the day we

" parted. I am right—It is all fudge—there
" is no lion in the way. I tell you again,
" make hay while the sun shines—strike
" while the iron is hot—clench the nail"—
Louis started from his seat, but Miss Clarence, without observing him, read on,
" Straws show which way the wind blows.
" If I have eyes, it sets from the right
" quarter—delays are dangerous. A certain
" person's life hangs by a thread, and when
" he's gone, she's off to the city, and
" snapped up by the dandies—three hundred
" thousand ——"

" Stop, for God's sake!" cried Seton, and snatching the letter, flushed and trembling, he instantly disappeared. Mr. Clarence closed the door after him, and, turning to Gertrude, asked her what could be the meaning of this. Gertrude was in tears; for a moment she could not reply, but taking up a letter Seton had dropped, and, glancing at it, and looking at the signature, " It is so," she said; " the letters are both from that vulgar brother of Seton—they were misdirected—this was meant for you."

The letter designed for Mr. Clarence's eye,

was as follows: "Respected Sir,—I take "the liberty, by return of mail, to tender "my sincere thanks to you and Miss Cla-"rence, for your politeness to me during "my late visit to my esteemed brother. It "was very gratifying to me to find your "health so much improved, and my brother "so pleasantly situated in your valued fa-"mily. I think I may say Louis deserves "his good fortune—he has always been a "remarkably correct young man, Louis has. "It was a disappointment to my father, "after giving him a liberal education, that "he should take such a turn for painting; "but Allston, our great painter, says he "has a remarkable talent that way, so that "there is a good prospect, if he should go "to foreign countries, that he may, at some "future day, become as celebrated as Sir "Benjamin West; but I, for one, should be "perfectly content to have him settle down "in the country, and only handle the brush "for his amusement. My wife would be "very glad to accept Miss Gertrude's in-"vitation, as she is remarkably fond of "Louis, as indeed we all are. The rose for

"Miss Gertrude, and the cauliflower for "yourself, I shall do myself the pleasure "to send by the first opportunity. Till "then believe me, Sir, with much respect "and esteem, and gratitude, to you and to "Miss Gertrude,

"Your very obedient,

"humble servant,

"WILLIAM SETON."

"It is too bad," said Mr. Clarence, "to be expected to be the dupe of such a vulgar, grovelling wretch. Is it possible, Gertrude, that Louis has any thing in common with this base fellow?"

"Nothing, my dear father, nothing."

"Has he in any way indicated an intention of addressing you?"

"Never."

Mr. Clarence paused for a moment, and then added, "Pardon me, my dear child, for catechising you a little further: have you any reason to think that Louis loves you?"

"I believe he does."

Gertrude's tears dropped fast on the letter which she still held in her hand, folding and refolding it. Mr. Clarence walked up and

down the room, till suddenly stopping, he said, "Seton is not all I could have wished for you, my dear Gertrude—his delicate health—the nervous, susceptible constitution of his mind, are, according to my views of things, great evils—but he is pure, and disinterested, and talented. I reverence a sentiment of genuine affection. It is cruel to disappoint or trifle with it. I see your emotion, Gertrude, your wishes shall govern mine."

Miss Clarence subdued her agitation—"You misunderstand my emotion, sir," she said; "I was grieved that Mr. Seton should have been so outraged, insulted; that I should myself have dragged forth feelings that he has never betrayed but involuntarily—my dear father, my only wish is to live and die with you."

"Do you mean deliberately to abjure matrimony, Gertrude?" asked her father, reassured and animated by discovering the real state of his daughter's heart.

"No; that would be ridiculous: but I am sure, very sure, I shall never marry."

"Oh! that is all. That resolution and

feeling will last, Gertrude, till you see some one worthy to vanquish it; but that it exists now is proof enough that you are yet fancy-free. But what is to be done for poor Seton? One thing is certain, he must leave us."

"Do not say so. We certainly can convince him how deeply we feel the injustice his brother has done him—he is sick—at present incapable of the labour of his profession—he has no refuge but the house of his sordid brother. From you, my dear father, I would not hide a shade of feeling—I do love Louis Seton—with sisterly affection"—(Mr. Clarence smiled)—"you are incredulous—I could voluntarily confess to Louis all I feel for him—can that be love?"

"No; but how soon may it become so?"

Never—I am confident of that—I have involuntarily robbed Louis of his happiness—I know the exquisite sensitiveness of his mind—If he were to leave us now, he might never recover the shock and mortification of his brother's disclosures. If he remains, I think we may by degrees restore his self-respect, his self-confidence, and his serenity. At least let us try."

"Do as you please, my noble-minded girl. I am satisfied to trust every thing to you, superior as you are to the heartless coquetries and pruderies of your sex; but remember we are handling edged tools."

"But not playing with them," replied Gertrude with a faint smile; and then kissing her father, and thanking him for his compliance, she left him and went to a difficult task. She met a servant in the entry; "Have you seen Mr. Seton?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am; and Miss Clarence," he added, drawing closer to her, and lowering his voice, "there's something the matter with Mr. Seton—he just called me to pack his clothes, and he was all in a flutter, and just walked about the room without doing the least thing for himself."

"Mr. Seton is ill, John, and insists on leaving us; but we must prevent him. You would all be willing to nurse him, would you not, John?"

"Indeed, that would we, Miss Clarence—a nice, quiet young man is Mr. Louis."

"Then I will try to persuade him to stay. Tell him, John, I wish to speak with him in

the library." Miss Clarence, having thus adroitly averted the gossiping suspicions of the inferior departments of the family, repaired to the library. Seton soon followed her. He had an expression of self-command and offended pride, bordering on haughtiness, and so foreign to his customary, gentle, and sentimental demeanor, that Gertrude forgot her prepared speech and said, "You are not offended, Louis?"

"Offended, Miss Clarence!—I am misunderstood—defamed—disgraced!"

"Louis, you are unjust to yourself, and unjust to us; do you think that my father or I would give a second thought to that silly letter?"

Seton was soothed. He fixed his eye on Gertrude, and she proceeded. "It is essential to our happiness that we should understand one another perfectly. Have we not in two years too firmly established our mutual confidence and friendship to have them shaken by the accidents of this morning?" She paused for a moment, and proceeded with more emotion. "Louis, you know I lost my only brother. It is long ago that he died,

and I was very young at the time, but I perfectly remember the tenderness I felt for him—remember! I still feel it. The chasm made by his death has never been filled. You know my father is all that a father can be to me; but for perfect sympathy there must be similar age, pursuits, and hopes." While Gertrude dwelt in generals, she could talk with the coolness of a philosopher; but as she again approached particulars, her voice became tremulous.

"I can, I *do* feel for you, Louis, the sentiments of a sister—a sister's solicitude for your honor and happiness. I would select you from all the world to supply poor Frank's place to me. You will not permit false delicacy, fastidious scruples, to deprive me of the brother of my election? Forget the past." Seton made no reply. "You do not mean to reject me, Louis?" she added, playfully extending her hand to him. He turned away from her.

"Oh Gertrude! Gertrude! why should I deceive you? why rather should I suffer you to delude yourself? You might as well hope to distil gentle dews from consuming fire, as

to convert the sentiment I feel for you into the tranquil, peaceful, fearless, satisfied love of a brother. Mine was no common love—it subsisted without hope or expectation—a self-sustaining passion—the light of my existence—the essence of my life—a pure flame in the inmost, secret sanctuary of my heart. That sanctuary has been violated. I betrayed, and another has dishonoured it. '*Forget the past!*' forget that my thoughts of you have been linked with sordid expectations and base projects. God knows I never, in one presumptuous moment, aspired to you; but not because you were rich. In my eyes, your fortune is your meanest attribute—my poverty makes no part of my humility.

"You must not interrupt me, Gertrude. I know your generosity—I know all you would say; but hear me out, now, while I have courage to speak of myself. I have been injured; and the worm trodden on, you know, will turn."

"I must interrupt you, Louis; I cannot bear to hear you speak of yourself in these unworthy, degrading terms."

"You misunderstand me. I do not mean

to degrade, but rather to justify myself, by making you acquainted with the short, sad history of my mind. I know I am weak and pusillanimous. Nature and circumstances have been allied against me. I was born with a constitutional, nervous susceptibility that none of my family understood or regarded. I was a timid, sensitive boy. My brothers were bold and bustling. They were steel-clad in health and hardihood, while I shrunk, as if my nerves were bare, from every breath. This, in their estimation, was inferiority, and so it became in mine. I was humbled and depressed; my life was an aching void. I rose in the morning, as poor Cowper says he did, 'like an infernal frog out of Acheron, covered with the ooze and mud of melancholy,' and my days flowed like a half stagnant and turbid stream, that gives back no image of the bright heaven above it, and takes no hue from the pleasant objects past which it obscurely crawls. My spirit was crushed; I felt myself to be a useless weed in creation, and when I first discovered that I possessed one talent—one redeeming talent—my heart beat with the ecstasy that

an idiot may feel when his mind is released from its physical thraldom, and throbs with the first pulse of intellectual life. That talent introduced me to you, Gertrude, gave me estimation in your eyes, was the medium of our daily intercourse; and I cherished and cultivated it as if it were, as it in truth was, the principle of life to me. The exercise of this talent, and the secret indulgence of my love for you, were happiness enough. I expected nothing more: I did not look into the future—I forgot the past. I was satisfied with the full, pervading sense of present bliss. But you are wearied, Miss Clarence, and I am intrusive."

"No, no, Mr. Seton," replied Gertrude, raising her head, and removing from her face the handkerchief that had hidden from Seton the deep emotion with which she listened to him. "No, Louis," she continued in the kindest and firmest tone, "but such disclosures are useless—they may be worse than useless."

"Gertrude, I have no terms to keep with consequences, and I pray you to hear me out. My tranquillity vanished like a dream, when,

last week, I betrayed my passion to you. Your calmness and gentle forbearance soothed me, but it was not, it is not in your power to restore the self-confidence I felt while my passion was unknown. A fever is preying on my life; my spirits are disordered. This cruel letter of my brother will shorten the term of my insupportable existence—for this I thank him. Nothing now remains but to pray you to render me justice with your father; and to beg you, Gertrude, to bear me kindly in your memory." He took her hand and pressed it to his burning lips.

Gertrude was agitated with the conflicting suggestions of her own mind. She had sought the interview with a definite and decided purpose. That purpose was now nearly subdued by seeing the strength of a sentiment which she had hoped to modify or change. She shrunk with instinctive delicacy from the manifestation of a passion that had no corresponding sentiment in her own heart. Her first and strongest impulse was to escape from the sight of misery which she could not relieve. But 'were not these

selfish suggestions?'—'Could she not mitigate it?'—'At least,' she thought, as the current of generous purpose flowed back through her heart, 'at least I will try what persevering efforts may do,'—and bodying her thoughts in words, "Louis," she said, "I will not part with you; you must stay with us. If I have power over you, it shall be exercised for some better purpose than to nourish a sentiment which I can never return—it may be because I am inferior to you—certainly not superior—that was the suggestion of your excessive humility, arising from circumstances to which you have already alluded. You have erred, by your own confession, you have all your life erred in distrusting and undervaluing your own powers. You have now only to put forth your strength to subdue all of your feelings that should be subdued."

"Do you believe this, Gertrude?"

"Believe it! I am sure of it. The frankness of our explanation has dissolved all mystery. Hobgoblins vanish in the light. Your feelings have been aggravated by concealment. They are too intense for any

earthly object. Louis, let me use a sister's liberty, and give you sisterly counsel; let me remind you of one of the safest passages of a book that you have read and admired perhaps too much for your own happiness. '*Se rendre digne de l'immortalité est le seul but de l'existence — bonheur — souffrance—tout est moyen pour ce but.*'"

Seton caught one moment of inspiration from the sweet tone of assurance in which Gertrude spoke. 'There is a medicament for my wounded spirit,' he thought; but the light was faint and transient, like the passing gleam reflected by a dark and distant object. "Ah, Gertrude," he said, "you are happy, and have the energy and hope of the happy; but for me there are no bright realities in life; it is stripped of its illusions. Oh, most miserable is he who survives the illusions of life! I am yet in my youth, Gertrude, and I look forward with the dim, disconsolate eye of age. Life is a dreary desert to me, beset with frightful forms, and inevitable perils. I am sick, and steeped in melancholy: why should I drag my body of death along your bright path?"

"You shall not, Louis; we will drive out the foul fiend, and court the spirit of health and cheerfulness. You know I have had all my life to contend with the demons of disease in my father. Practice has given me some skill in detecting and expelling them. I will be your leech; and you shall promise to be docile and obedient. I shall lock up your easel for the present. My father has proposed a jaunt to Trenton. We will go thither. Beautiful scenery should 'minister to the mind diseased' of a painter. Shall I tell papa that I have your consent to go with us?"

"Do what you will with me. You will be blessed in your ministry, if I am not."

This conference, which had been long enough, was now broken off by the entrance of Becky, an old and privileged domestic. "I should think, Mr. Seton," she said, "you might have consideration enough to put off your lessons to-day, when there is but every thing for Miss Gertrude to see to." Seton tacitly acquiesced in the reprimand, and left the apartment.

Gertrude was alarmed and oppressed with

the depth of poor Seton's sorrow; and though, to him, she had assumed a tone of firmness and serenity, his despondency had infected her, and, as he left the room, she sank back in her chair, her mind abstracted from every thing around her, and filled with gloomy and just presentiments.

"Miss Gertrude!" said Becky.

Gertrude made no reply; she did not even hear Becky, shrill and impatient as her tone was. Her vacant eye accidentally rested on a fine game-piece Seton had recently finished, which was standing before her on the library-table. Becky gave her own interpretation to her mistress's gaze.

"It's well enough done, to be sure, but," she added with professional scorn, "it's a shame and a silliness to take the *creaters'* lives in midsummer, just to draw their pictures, when they'd make such a relishing dish in the fall. But come, Miss Gertrude, I should be glad you would tell me what we are to do?"

"Do! do about what, Becky?"

"Did not Amandy tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Why Miss Gertrude; I never saw you so with your thoughts at the end of the world, when sure we had never more need of them; but you will have to make up your mind to it, for the dinner has fallen through—the whole—entirely."

This was, indeed, an alarming annunciation to the mistress of an establishment, who expected invited company to dinner, and who, like Gertrude, considered a strict surveillance of her domestic concerns as among the first of woman's temporal duties. She, therefore, recalled her thoughts from their wanderings, and roused all her powers, to avert the shower of grievances which she saw lowering on Becky's clouded brow.

We advise all those who have not experienced the complicated embarrassments of giving a dinner-party in a country town, unprovided with a market and other facilities, to skip the ensuing conversation, for they will have no sympathy with the trials that beset rural hospitality—trials that, like woes, cluster, and sometimes so thick and heavily, that their poor victim wishes, but wishes in vain, for the bottle which the good

little man in the fairy legend gave to Mick, that did its duty so handsomely, and spread the poor fellow's table so daintily. But alas! among all our *settlers*, we have none of these kind-hearted little people—they are the true patriots, and never emigrate; and unassisted human female ingenuity is put to its utmost stretch. Fortunately Miss Clarence was not often, and certainly not on the present occasion, of a temper to be daunted by the minor miseries of human life; and she now demanded of her domestic, with an air of philosophy which Becky deemed quite inappropriate, what was the matter?

"Matter, Miss Gertrude! matter enough to turn a body's hair grey; and to cap all, Judge Upton has just sent down word that he shall bring a grand English gentleman with him."

"Oh, is that all, Becky? Then I have nothing to do but to order John to lay an additional plate."

"An additional plate, indeed! I think, ma'am, you had better order something to put on it."

"I ordered the dinner yesterday," said Miss Clarence, with faint voice and faint heart; for she well knew that the result of ordering a dinner bore a not very faint resemblance to that of 'calling spirits from the vasty deep.'

"Yes, ma'am, I know you ordered it; but I told Amandy to let you know that the butcher did not come down from the village this morning, and we've neither lamb nor veal in the house."

"But we have Neale's fine mutton."

"Not a pound of it. He came up yesterday to say his fat sheep had all strayed away."

"Why did not you tell me?"

"You were riding out, ma'am, and I sent John to Hilson for a roaster."

"Oh, spare me, Becky; a roaster, you know, is papa's aversion, and mine too."

"I know that, Miss Gertrude; but then I thought to myself, it's no time to be notional when there's company invited, and not a pound of *fresh* to be had for love or money; but as ill luck would have it, Hilson had engaged the whole nine for the Inde-

pendence dinner—a delightsome sight they'll be, all standing on their feet, with each an ear of corn in his mouth. But thinking of them," added Becky—mentally reproaching herself for this gush of professional enthusiasm,—"thinking of them won't fill our dishes; and so, Miss Gertrude, I want you to send word to the Widow Carter you must have her fowls, whether or no. To be sure they'll be rather tough, killed at this time of day."

"Yes, Becky, since we know why she refuses them, they would be too tough eating for any of us. No, I had rather give our friends a dinner of strawberries and cream."

"Cream! the thunder turned all that last evening."

"The elements against us too!"

"Elements! ice creams, you mean. No ma'am, they were mixed last night; but Malviny says she can't stay to freeze them. She must go down to the village, to Mrs. Smith's funeral. She says the General expects it."

"It is a hard case, Becky; but we must

make the best of it. You must not let this Englishman spy out the nakedness of our land. Your fingers and brains never failed me yet, Becky. Now let us think what we have to count upon."

"There's as good a ham as ever came from Virginia."

"Yes, or Westphalia either, and as beautiful lettuces as ever grew. Ham and salad is a dinner for a prince, Becky; and then you can make up a dish from the veal of yesterday with currie—bouillie a tongue—prepare a dish of maccaroni—see that the vermicelli soup is of your very best, Becky—papa says nobody makes it better—and the trout, you forgot the trout, here comes old Frank up the avenue with them now—bless the old soul, he never disappoints us—boil, stew, fry the trout; every body likes fresh trout. As to the ice-creams, tell Malvina she shall go down to the village to every funeral for a year to come, if she will give up the general's lady. The dinner will turn out well yet, Becky. As you often say, 'it's always darkest just before day.'"

"And you beat all, Miss Gertrude, for

making day-light come," replied Becky, pleased with her mistress' compliment, and relieved by her ready ingenuity. "There's few ladies use what little sense they have got to any purpose. If there were more of them had your head-work, the house business would not get so tangled, and that's what John and I often say." Thus mutually satisfied, mistress and servant parted.

Miss Clarence's thoughts reverted to Seton; and she repaired to her own apartment, happy in the consciousness of a firm resolve to make every effort to secure his tranquillity. Alas, that human judgment should be so blind and weak, that its best wisdom often leads to the most fearful consequences!

When Gertrude entered her own apartment, she found Emilie Layton sitting at a writing-desk, busily employed in answering her letters. Her face was drenched in tears, but so unruffled that it seemed as if no accident could disturb its sweet harmonies. "You put me in mind, Emilie," said Gertrude, kissing her cheek, "you put me in mind of a shower when the sun is shining."

Emilie dashed off her tears. "I will not be miserable any longer; would you, Gertrude?"

"No, I never would be miserable if I could help it, Emilie."

"It is too disagreeable," replied Emilie, with perfect *naïveté*, "it makes one feel too bad; but I really have enough to make me miserable. If I dared, I would show you all these letters; but, dear Gertrude, you can advise me without knowing what the real state of the case is, only that papa and mamma want me to do something that I hate to do—that I would rather die than do. Now would you do it if you were I?"

Gertrude did not need second sight to conjecture what the nature of this parental requisition might be. "It is difficult to answer your question, Emilie; but there are things that it is not right to do, even in compliance with parental authority. This may be one of them."

"Oh, it is, I am sure. You have divined it most certainly, Gertrude; but I have not told you a word, you know. Mamma charges me not in her letter. I am so glad you think as

I do; but I am afraid mamma will persuade me. She suffers so much when any thing crosses her. If she could only be persuaded to think as I do about it. I have written a letter to a certain person who has great influence over her. You may read it, Gertrude. You cannot understand it, though he will. Read it aloud, for I want to hear how it sounds."

Gertrude read aloud, "To my mother's best and dearest friend."—"Your father, of course?" she said, looking up a little perplexed at Emilie.

Miss Layton blushed, and there was an expression of acute pain passed over her face, as she said with quivering lips, "Oh no, Gertrude, I wish it were so; but perhaps you think I have addressed it improperly—if you do, just run the pen through that line." Gertrude did so, and read on, "As mamma "has told me, Mr. Roscoe, that you already "know all about a certain affair, I trust I am "not doing wrong in begging you to inter- "cede with my dear mother in my behalf. "Do convince her that it is not my duty to "sacrifice my happiness to my father's wishes.

"It is very hard to make one's self miserable "for life; and is it not an odd way to make "one's parents happy? Papa says there is "no use in being romantic. I am sure I am "not so. I would as lief marry a rich man "as a poor one, if I loved him. Any person, "however romantic, might love Miss Cla- "rence, in spite of her fortune. Therefore "it is *not*, as my father says, an absurd, "girlish notion about 'love in a cottage,' "that gives me such an antipathy to ———. "Do intercede for me, if I have not made an "improper request, and if I have, forget it, "and remember only your friend, E. L." Gertrude laid down the letter without comment. "It is a very poor letter," I know, "said Emilie, "and poorly written, for I "blotted the words with my tears as fast as "I wrote them."

Gertrude smiled at her simplicity. "No, Emilie, it is a very good letter, for it is true; and truth from such a heart as yours is always good. But would it not be best to burn the letter? It seems to me you may trust to your own representations to your mother.

No intercessor can be so powerful as her tenderness for you."

"Oh, Gertrude, you do not know mamma. She can talk me out of my five senses, and she says nobody in the world has such influence over her as Mr. Roscoe." On second thoughts, Gertrude believed that Emilie might need a sturdier support than her own yielding temper, and she acquiesced in the letter being sent; and Emilie despatched it, and drove from her heart every feeling of sorrow almost as easily as she removed its traces from her heart's bright and beautiful mirror.

CHAPTER XII.

"I will tell thee a similitude, Esdras. As when thou askest the earth, it shall say unto thee that it giveth much mould whereof earthen vessels are made, but little dust that gold cometh of; even so is the course of this present world."—Esdras.

Madame Roland has left it on record—let any woman who fancies she may soar above the natural sphere of her sex remember who it is that makes this boast—that she never neglected the details of housewifery; and she adds, that though at one period of her life she had been at the head of a laborious and frugal establishment, and at another, of an expensive and complicated one, she had never found it necessary to devote more than two hours out of the twenty-four to household cares. While we have this illustrious woman before us, as

evidence in the case, we would venture to imitate, (in opposition to the vulgar and perhaps too lightly received opinion,) that talents are as efficient in housewifery as in every other department of life; and that, *cæteris paribus*, she who has most mind will best administer her domestic affairs, whether her condition obliges her, like the pattern Jewish matron, to 'rise early and work diligently with her own hands,' or merely to appoint the labours of others.

If our opinion be not heresy, we would commend it to the consideration of scholars, and men of genius, and all that privileged class, (privileged in every thing else,) who have been supposed to be condemned by their own elevation to choose an humble, grubbing companion for the journey of life, at best not superior to Johnson's beau-ideal of a female travelling companion.

But to return to our heroine. Her happy genius had ridden out the storm threatened in the morning by her trusty Becky, and she saw the dinner hour draw nigh with a tranquillity that can only be inspired by the delightful certainty that, to use the technical

phrase, *all is going on well.* She was in the parlour with Miss Layton, and awaiting her guests, when Judge Upton, who, true as a lover to his mistress, never broke 'the thousandth part of a minute in the affair' of a dinner, arrived. After the most precise salutations to each and all, he expressed his great satisfaction in being punctual. 'He had done, what indeed he seldom did, risked a failure in this point. He must own that, with a certain divine, he held punctuality to be the next virtue to godliness; but it had been impossible for him to dispense with attending the funeral of general Smith's lady. The general expected it; such a respectable person's feelings should not be aggravated on so afflicting an occasion. He must own he had been uncommonly gratified; the general behaved so well; he bore his loss like a general.'

Miss Clarence suppressed, as nearly as she might, a smile at the conjugal heriosm of of a 'training-day' general, and asked Mrs. Upton why Mrs. Layton was not with her.

Mrs. Upton's volubility, which had emitted in low rumblings such tokens of

her presence, as are heard from a bottle of beer before the ejection of the cork gives full vent to the thin potation, now overflowed.

"Oh my dear," said she, "Mrs. Layton chose to come on horseback with Mr. Edmund Stuart, our English visitor. Don't be frightened, Emilie, dear; husband's horses are remarkably gentle; indeed he never keeps any others, for he thinks dangerous horses very unsafe. Oh, Mr. Clarence, by the way, do you know we must change our terms. Mr. Stuart says that it is quite vulgar in England to say, we *ride*, when we go in a carriage. We must call a *ride* a *drive*—only think! He says we cannot conceive how disagreeable Americanisms are to English ears."

"My dear madam," replied Mr. Clarence, who was rather sensitive on the subject of Anglo-criticism, "do let us remember that in America we speak to American ears, and if any terms peculiar to us have as much intrinsic propriety as the English, let us have the independence to retain them."

"Oh! certainly, certainly," said the

good lady, who had no thought of adventuring in the thorny path of philological discussion, "husband says he does not see why *ride* is not as proper as drive. But girls, I must tell you before Mr. Stuart comes, that he is remarkably genteel, even for an Englishman. He is the son of Sir William Stuart, and, of course, you know, will be a lord himself." Our republican matron was not learned in the laws that regulate the descent of titles; but, in blessed unconsciousness of her ignorance, she proceeded: "I was determined he should see Clarenceville, for, as husband says, it is all important he should form favourable opinions of our country."

"Why important?" asked Mr. Clarence, in one of those cold and posing tones that would have checked a less determined garrulity than Mrs. Upton's. But her impetus was too strong to be resisted, and on she blundered. "Oh, I don't know exactly, but it is, you know. He is to pass six months in the United States, and he is determined to see every thing. He has already been from Charlestown to Boston.

Only think, as husband says, what a perfect knowledge he will have of the country."

"Does he propose," asked Mr. Clarence, "to enlighten the public with his observations?"

"Write a book of travels, you mean, sir? Oh, I have no doubt of it, and that made me in such a fever to have him see the girls. Girls, you must be on the *qui vive*. The dinner party will be described at full length. Your dinners, Gertrude, are always in such superb style. Husband told Mr. Stuart he did not believe they were surpassed in England." Gertrude blushed when she thought of the disasters of the larder, and the miscellaneous dinner preceded by such a silly flourish of trumpets. "Oh, don't be alarmed, Gertrude, dear," continued the good lady, "I am sure it will be just the thing; and then, you know, a beauty and a fortune," glancing her little glassy eye, with ineffable gratulation, from Emilie to Gertrude, "a beauty and a fortune will give the party such *éclat!* Oh, I should have given up, if any thing had happened to prevent our coming. The children gave me such a fright

this morning! Thomas Jefferson fell down stairs; but he is a peculiar child about falling; always comes on his feet, like a cat. Benjamin Franklin is very different. He has never had but one fall in his life, so husband calls it 'Ben's fall,' like 'Adam's fall,' you know; very good, is not it?"

That solemn, responsible person, 'husband,' whose sententious sayings were expanded like a drop of water into a volume of steam, by that wonderful engine, his wife's tongue, was solemnly parading the piazza, his watch in his hand, and his eye fixed on the avenue, while with lengthening visage he groaned in spirit under that misery for which few country gentlemen have one drop of patience in their souls—a deferred dinner.

"Oh, there they come!" he was the first to announce, and after the slight bustle of dismounting, &c., and a whisper from Mrs. Upton of 'do your prettiest, girls,' Mrs. Layton entered the drawing-room, her arm in Mr. Stuart's, who, with his hat under his other arm, his stiff neckloth, and starched demeanour, looked the son of an English baronet at least. His stately perpen-

dicularity was the more striking, contrasted with the grace and elasticity of Mrs. Layton's movements. This lady deserves more than a transient glance.

Mrs. Layton was somewhere on that most disagreeable stage of the journey of life, between thirty and forty—most disagreeable to a woman who has once enjoyed the dominion of personal beauty; for at that period she is most conscious of its diminution. If ever woman might, Mrs. Layton could have dispensed with beauty, for she had, when she pleased to command them, graceful manners, spirited conversation, and those little feminine engaging ways, that, though they can scarcely be defined or described, are irresistibly attractive. But never were the arts that prolong beauty more sedulously studied than by this lady. She owed much to the forbearance of nature, who seemed to shrink from spoiling what she had so exquisitely made. Her eyes retained the clearness and sparkling brilliancy of her freshest youth. Her own profuse, dark hair was artfully arranged to shelter and display her fine intellectual brow, and the rose on

her cheek, if too mutable for nature, claimed indulgence for the exquisite art of its imitation. She was yet within the customary term of deep mourning for a sister, and as she was not of a temper to crusade against any of the forms of society, her crape and bombasin were in accordance with its sternest requisitions; but their sombre and heavy effect was skilfully relieved by brilliant and becoming ornaments. Like the Grecian beauty who sacrificed her tresses at her sister's tomb, she took care that the pious offering should not diminish the effect of her charms. Mrs. Layton resembled a Parisian artificial flower, so perfect in its form, colouring, and arrangement, that it seems as if nothing could be more beautiful, unless perchance the eye falls on a natural rose, and beholds His superiour and divine art whose 'pencil' paints it, and 'whose breath perfumes.' Such a contrast was Emilie Layton to her mother. There was an unstudied, child-like grace in every attitude and movement; the dew of youth was on her bright lip, and her round cheek was tinged with every passing feeling.

Mrs. Layton presented her English acquaintance to Miss Clarence and her father, and returned their salutations with an air of graceful self-possession that showed she was far too experienced to feel a sensation from entering a country drawing-room. Her brow contracted for an instant as she kissed her daughter, and whispered, "I see you are going to be my own dear girl, Emilie." Emilie turned away, and her mother's scrutiny was averted by the outbreaking of Mrs. Upton's ever ready loquacity. "Would you think, Mr. Clarence," she asked, "that Grace Layton and I were girls together. I don't deny I have a trifling advantage of you, Grace, dear; but, as husband says, when I die, you will shake in your shoes."

"Do, Miss Clarence, interposed Mrs. Layton, "convince our friend, Mrs. Upton, that such familiarity with time is quite rustic and barbarous. Time is as obsolete in civilized life as his grim personification in the primer. We never talk of time in good society, Mrs. Upton."

"Not talk of time!" retorted her good-natured contemporary, "that's odd for a

married woman. Old maids are always particular about their ages, but it's no object for us; besides, as husband says, children are a kind of mile-stones that measure the distance you have travelled. That was quite clever of husband—was not it? Husband," she continued, stretching her neck out of the window, and addressing her better half, "when was it you made that smart comparison, of children to mile-stones?"

"Children to mile-stones! what are you talking about, my dear?

"Oh, I remember, it was not you—it was"—but, on drawing in her head, she perceived no one was listening to her. Mrs. Layton, unable, as she confessed, any longer to endure the odious flapping of Time's wings, had adroitly turned the conversation. "What are those pictures you are studying, Mr. Stuart?" she asked.

The gentleman coloured deeply, and replied, "Some *American* representations of naval engagements, madam."

"And if the British lion were the painter, he would have reversed the victory," said the lady archly.

Miss Clarence felt that the rites of hospitality demanded the interposition of her shield: "That picture," she said, "does not harmonize well with our rural scenery, but my father values it on account of the artist, who is his particular friend."

"An *ingenious* young person, no doubt," replied the traveller, with an equivocal emphasis on the word ingenious, and a supercilious curl of his lip.

"Oh, remarkably ingenious," exclaimed Mrs. Upton: "by the way, Gertrude, dear, where is Louis Seton to-day?"

"Confined to his room by indisposition," replied Miss Clarence, without hesitation or blushing.

"Hem—hem—hem"—thrice repeated the vulgar little lady, who, like other vulgar people, thought the intimation of something particular between any marriageable parties always agreeable to a young lady. Miss Clarence looked deaf, and Mrs. Upton was baffled; but she good-humouredly continued, "I do wish, Mr. Stuart, you could have seen the young gentleman who painted that picture. Husband thinks him an uncommon

genius, almost equal to that celebrated American who is such a famous painter—I forget his name—I do believe husband is right, and I am losing my memory; but at any rate I remember the interesting anecdote about him—I forget exactly who told it to me, but I believe it was husband—however, that is of no consequence—yet it is so provoking to forget—if I could only remember when I heard it."

"Oh, never mind when," exclaimed Mrs. Layton; "tell the story, Mrs. Upton. We shall never forget *when* we heard it."

"Well, he was born—oh, where was he born? you remember, Gertrude, dear?"

"If you mean West, I believe he was born in Pennsylvania."

"Oh, yes, it was West; now I remember all about it—it was husband told me—his parents were wretchedly poor; weren't they, Gertrude, dear?"

"Too poor, I believe, to educate him."

"Oh, yes; that is just what husband told me—and being too poor, and being born, as it were, a painter, he invented

colours—or brushes—which was it, Gertrude, dear?"

"Neither, I believe," replied Gertrude, suppressing a smile, and, glad of an opportunity to shelter Mrs. Upton's ignorance, and save her friends from her farther garrulity, she proceeded to relate the well-known story of West's having made his first brush from the hairs of a cat's tail, and of his having, instructed by the Indians, compounded his first colours from the vegetable productions of the wilds around him. Mr. Stuart took out his tablets, apparently to note down the particulars Miss Clarence had related. "I beg your pardon," he said, "have the goodness again, Miss Clarence, to tell me the name of the painter of whom you spoke."

"West."

"West! ah, the same with our celebrated artist."

"Is there an English artist of that name?" asked Mrs. Layton, with seeming good faith.

"Indeed is there, madam, an exceeding clever person too—Sir Benjamin West; his

name is known throughout Europe, though it may not have reached America yet, owing, probably, to the ignorance of the fine arts here. My eldest brother received with the estate two of his finest productions. One of the happy effects of our law of entail is that it fosters genius by preserving in families the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the arts. It is much to be regretted," he continued, turning to Mr. Clarence, "that your legislators have deemed this law of primogeniture incompatible with your republican institutions. It is an unfortunate mistake, which will for ever retard your advance in the sciences, arts, and manners."*

"Do manners go with the estate? How can that be?" asked Mrs. Upton, in all simplicity. Whatever replies to this question might have been suggested by the presence of the *unportioned* younger son, they were suppressed by the common instincts of good

*There may appear to be a striking coincidence between the opinions of our traveller and those announced in Captain Basil Hall's travels; but no allusion was intended to those volumes. This chapter was written a year before their appearance.

breeding; and dinner fortunately being announced, the party repaired to the dining-room, where we shall leave them to the levelling process of satisfying appetites whetted to their keenest edge by an hour's delay of a country dinner. Perhaps, in confirmation of the assertion already made of Miss Clarence's housewifery, it should be stated, that there was not a dish on table of which Mrs. Upton did not taste, and ask a receipt.

The dinner being over, Mrs. Layton, evidently anxious for some private conversation with her daughter, proposed a stroll in the wood.

She arranged the party according to her own wishes. "Mr. Clarence," she said, "you are, I believe, condemned to some business discussions with the judge. Mrs. Upton, Miss Clarence, I am sure, will give you a quiet seat in the library, and her receipt book. Miss Clarence, you will do Mr. Stuart the honour to point out to him the beauties of an American forest; and Emilie shall be my Ariadne. I wish," she added, in a voice spoken alone to Miss Layton's

ear, "that, like her, you were dreaming of love."

"Pshaw! mother," replied Emilie. There was nothing in her words, but there was something in her manner and looks that abated her mother's hopes. She had, however, too much at stake to leave any art untried to achieve her object; and, when, after an hour's walk, Miss Clarence again met the mother and daughter, Emilie's cheek was flushed, and her eyes red with weeping. Her practised mother veiled her own feelings, and inquired of Mr. Stuart, with as much carelessness as if she had thought of nothing else since they parted, "how he liked an American forest?"

"With such a companion," he replied, courteously bowing to Miss Clarence, "quite agreeable, but in itself monotonous."

"A quality, I presume," answered Mrs. Layton, "peculiar to *American* forests. But, my dear girls, where are you going?—spare me a little longer from the din of Mrs. Upton's tongue. I had as lief be doomed to turn the crank of a hand-organ. My dear Miss Clarence, you must not be all Emilie's

friend. Sit down on this rustic bench with me, and let Emilie show Mr. Stuart the pretty points of view about the place. He has come forty miles to see the lake, or the fair lady of the lake," she whispered, as the gentleman withdrew with Miss Layton. "I see everywhere about your place, Miss Clarence," continued Mrs. Layton, plucking a honeysuckle from a luxuriant vine that embowered the seat where she had placed herself, "indications of the refinement of your taste. Flowers have always seemed to me the natural allies and organs of a delicate and sensitive spirit. I admire the oriental custom of eliciting from them a sort of hieroglyphic language, to express the inspirations of love—love, 'the perfume and suppliance of a moment,' so beautifully shadowed forth in their sweet and fleeting life. I see you do not agree with me."

"Not entirely. Flowers have always seemed to me to be the vehicle of another language: to express their Creator's love, and, if I may say so, his gracious and minute attention to our pleasures. Their beauty, their variety, their fragrance, are gratuities, for

no other purpose, as far as we can see, but to gratify our senses, and through those avenues to reach the mind, that by their ministry may communicate with the Giver. To me the sight of a flower is like the voice of a friend. You smile, but I have great authority on my side. Why was it that the French heroine and martyr could exclaim, 'J'oublie l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises, et mes maux, avec des livres et des fleurs,' but because they conveyed to her the expression of a love that made all mortal evils appear in their actual insignificance."

"Bless me, my dear Miss Clarence! how seclusion in a romantic country does lead one to refine and spin out pretty little cobweb systems of one's own. Now my inference would have been that Madame Roland's books and flowers helped her to forget cabals and guillotines, and perhaps I should have come as near the truth as you. You are a very Swedenborgian in your exposition of naturė. However, you have no mawkish, parade sentiment, and your hidden and spiritual meanings certainly exalt flowers above mere ministers to the senses. But how did

we fall into this flourishing talk? I detained you here to make a confession to you."

"A confession to me!"

"Yes; you know I told you you must be my friend as well as Emilie's." 'Ah,' thought Gertrude, 'she is going to confide to me poor Emilie's affair. I will have the boldness to give my real opinion.' Mrs. Layton proceeded, "I must be frank with you, Miss Clarence—frankness is my nature. I have wronged you."

"Wronged *me*, Mrs. Layton?"

"Yes, my dear Miss Clarence, in the tenderest point in which a woman can be injured; but do not be alarmed, the injury is not irreparable. You recollect the day you called on me at Mrs. Upton's with that woe-begone, love-stricken devotee of yours?"

"Mr. Seton?"

"Yes, Mr. Seton. Now spare me that sentimental, rebuking look. I will not be irreverent to the youth, though I know better than to give credit to the gossip of Goody Upton, and her cummers about you. His love-passages, poor fellow, will never lead to your hymeneal altar. But to my confession.

You must know that on the aforesaid day I had a fit of the blues, and I saw every thing, even you, through a murky cloud. To speak literally, (*ergo* disagreeably,) I did not perceive one of your charms."

"Oh, is that all, Mrs. Layton?—woman as I am, I can pardon that."

"All! no, if it were, I would not have mentioned it; for one *woman's* opinion of another is a mere bagatelle. Idleness, you know, is the parent of all sin. I had nothing to do, and, moved and incited thereto by the demon of *ennui*, I sat down and described you to one of my correspondents as you had appeared to my distempered vision."

"And is *that* all?"

"Yes, that is all; but, that you may know the whole 'head and front of my offending,' I must show you my correspondent's reply."

"Do so—that may make a merit of my pardon."

Mrs. Layton took a letter from her reticule, but before she opened it she said, "I must premise in my own justification,—not to conciliate you,—that when I met you to-day you seemed perfectly transformed from the

little demure lady you appeared at first. I feel now as if I had known you a year, and could interpret every look of your expressive face. Something had happened this morning—I am sure of it—to give a certain elevation to your feelings. 'I would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder.' I could not flatter *you*, Miss Clarence, and it is no flattery to say your beauty is of that character which Montesquieu pronounces the most effective. It results from certain changes and flashes of expression—it produces the emotion of surprise. When you speak and show those brilliant teeth of yours, your face is worth all the rose and lily beauties in Christendom. You remind me of Gibbon's description of Zenobia—do you remember it?"

"No; I seldom remember a description of personal beauty."

"I never forget it. You have not been enough in the world to learn that beauty is the *sine quâ non* to a woman—a young woman—unless, indeed, she has fortune."

"We are graduated by a flattering scale, truly!"

"Yes, my dear girl, but you may as well know it; there is no use in going hoodwinked into society! But now for our document." Mrs. Layton unfolded Gerald Roscoe's letter, which our readers have already perused, and read aloud from the passage beginning, 'Is it natural depravity?' and ending with the anecdote of Miss Eunice Peabody. When she had finished reading—'a comely little body, amiable and rather clever,' "is a quotation from my letter," she said, "and was my libellous description of you, Miss Clarence."

"Libellous! Mrs. Layton. I declare to you, after your frightful note of preparation it sounds to me quite complimentary; but who is the gentleman to whom I have this picturesque introduction?"

"Ah! there's the rub. He is undoubtedly the most attractive young man in New York—the prince of clever fellows; and, honored am I in the fact—my selected, and favorite, and most intimate friend."

'Oh!' thought Gertrude, 'Emilie said Roscoe was her mother's most intimate friend;' and the pang that shot through her heart at this recollection was evident in her

face, for Mrs. Layton paused a moment before she added—"Gerald Roscoe." At this confirmation of her mental conjecture, Gertrude involuntarily covered her face with her hands, and then, disconcerted to the last degree at having betrayed her sensations, she said, half articulately, something of her being taken by surprise at the mention of Gerald Roscoe's name—that he was her father's friend—but she concluded with hoping Mrs. Layton would not think she cared at all about it. But Mrs. Layton was quite too keen and sagacious an observer to be imposed on for a moment by such awkward hypocrisy as Gertrude's. She saw she did care a great deal about it, and, giving a feminine interpretation to her emotion, and anxious to efface every unpleasant impression from her mind, she said in her sweetest manner, "I enjoy in anticipation Roscoe's surprise when he shall see you. It will be quite a *coup de théâtre.* On the whole, Gertrude—I must call you Gertrude—*dear* Gertrude—I think I may claim to have done you a favor. I have prepared Roscoe's mind for an agreeable surprise,

and for the still more agreeable feeling that his taste is far superior to mine—that to him belongs the merit of a discoverer, and as he is after all but a man, he will enjoy this, and I shall enjoy particularly your triumph over his first impressions."

'Ah,' thought Gertrude, 'those impressions will never be removed; I shall be paralyzed, a very Eunice Peabody, if ever I meet him.' But she smiled at Mrs. Layton's castle building, and though she assured that lady that nothing was more improbable than that she should ever encounter Gerald Roscoe, as he never left town, and she never went there, yet she did find something very agreeable in Mrs. Layton's perspective; and being human and youthful, she was not insensible to the flatteries addressed to her by the most fascinating woman she had ever seen.

Mrs. Layton's expressions of admiration were not all flattery. There was something in Gertrude that really excited her imagination. She saw she was of a very different order from the ordinary run of well-bred, well-informed, decorous, pleasing young la-

dies—a class particularly repulsive and tiresome to Mrs Layton. She foresaw that Miss Clarence, far removed as she was from being a beauty, would, set off by the *éclat* of fortune, become a *distinguée* whenever she appeared in society; and she took such measures to ingratiate herself as she had found most generally successful. She had shown Roscoe's letter to manifest and enhance the value of her changed opinion. She spared no pains to efface the impression the letter evidently left on Gertrude's mind. She taxed all her arts of pleasing—talked of herself, alluded to her faults, so eloquently, that the manner was a beautiful drapery that covered up and concealed the matter. She spoke with generous confidence of the adverse circumstances of her matrimonial destiny, and Gertrude, in her simplicity, not doubting that she was the sole depository of this revelation, felt a secret self-gratulation in the qualities that had elicited so singular a trust, and the tenderest sympathy with the sufferer of unprovoked wrongs. Then Mrs. Layton again reverted to Roscoe, the person

of all others of whom Gertrude was most curious to hear. She had a kind of dot and line art of sketching characters, and with a few masterly touches presented a vivid image. She spoke of society; and its vanities, excitements and follies. like bubbles catching the sun's rays, kindled in the light of her imagination.

Gertrude listened and felt that her secluded life was a paralyzed, barren existence. Her attention was rivetted and delighted till they were both aroused by the footsteps of a servant, who came to say that Judge Upton's carriage was at the door. Half way to the piazza they were met by Mrs. Upton. "Gertrude, dear," she said, "I hope you *will* excuse our going rather early. You know I am an anxious mother, and the Judge is so important at home—but we have had a charming day! I am sure Mr. Stuart has been delighted. I asked him if he had ever seen any thing superior to Clarenceville as a whole, and I assure you he did not say yes. Indeed, *sub rosa* (you understand, between you and I), I do think you have made a conquest."

"Do not, I entreat you, Mrs. Upton, ask the gentleman whether I have not."

"Oh no, my dear soul; *do* you think I would do any thing so out of the way? I understand a thing or two; but I do long to know which will carry the day, you or Emilie—fortune *versus*—as husband says—*versus* beauty. One thing I am certain of, we shall all be in the book."

"Not all," said Mrs. Layton, and added in a whisper to Gertrude, "who but Shakspeare could have delineated Slender?"

Gertrude was surprised and disappointed at finding Emilie on the piazza, prepared to return with her mother; but there was no opportunity for expostulation. Judge Upton stood at the open carriage door, as impatient as if a council of war were awaiting his arrival at home; and the ladies were compelled to abridge their adieus.

When Mr. Clarence had made his last bow to his departing guests, he seated himself on the piazza. "There goes our English visiter, Gertrude," said he, "enriched no doubt with precious morceaus for his diary. Judge Upton will represent the class

of American country-gentlemen, and his miscellaneous help-meet will sit for an American *lady*. I heard him ask Mrs. Upton, who has, it must be confessed, an anomalous mode of assorting her viands," (Mr. Clarence spoke with the disgust of a dyspeptic rather than a Chesterfieldian), "whether it were common for the Americans to eat salad with fish? Notwithstanding her everlasting good nature, she was a little touched at his surveillance, and for once replied without her prefix 'husband says,' that she supposed we had a *right* to eat such things together as pleased us best."

"It is unfortunate, said Gertrude, "that travellers should fall into such hands."

"No, no, Gertrude; it makes no difference with such travellers. They come predetermined to find fault—to measure every thing they see by the English standard they carry in their minds, and which they conceive to be as perfect as those eternal patterns after which some ancient philosophers supposed the Creator to have fashioned the universe. I had a good deal of conversation with this young man, and I think he is about as

well qualified to describe our country, and judge of its real condition, as the fish are to pass their opinion on the capacities and habitudes of the birds. I do not mean that ours is the superior condition, but that we are of different elements. It does annoy me, I confess, excessively, that such fellows should influence the minds of men. I do not care so much about the impression they make in their own country, as the effect they have in ours, in keeping alive jealousies, distrusts, and malignant resentments, and stirring up in young minds a keen sense of injustice, and a feeling of dislike, bordering on hatred to England—England, our noble mother country. I would have our children taught to regard her with filial veneration—to remember that their fathers participated in her high historic deeds—that they trod the same ground and breathed the same air with Shakspeare, and Milton, and Locke, and Bacon. I would have them esteem England as first in science, in literature, in the arts, in inventions, in philanthropy, in whatever elevates and refines humanity. I would have them love and cherish her

name, and remember that she is still the mother and sovereign of their minds."

"But my dear, dear father, you are giving England the supremacy and preference over our own country."

"Our country! she speaks for herself, my child; if there were not a voice lifted throughout all this wide-spread land of peace and plenty, yet how 'loud would be the praise!' I do not wish to hear her flattered by foreigners, or boasted or lauded by our own people. Nor do I fear, on her account, any thing that can be said by those petty tourists, who, like noisome insects, defile the fabric they cannot comprehend."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY G. SCHULZE, 13, POLAND STREET.

